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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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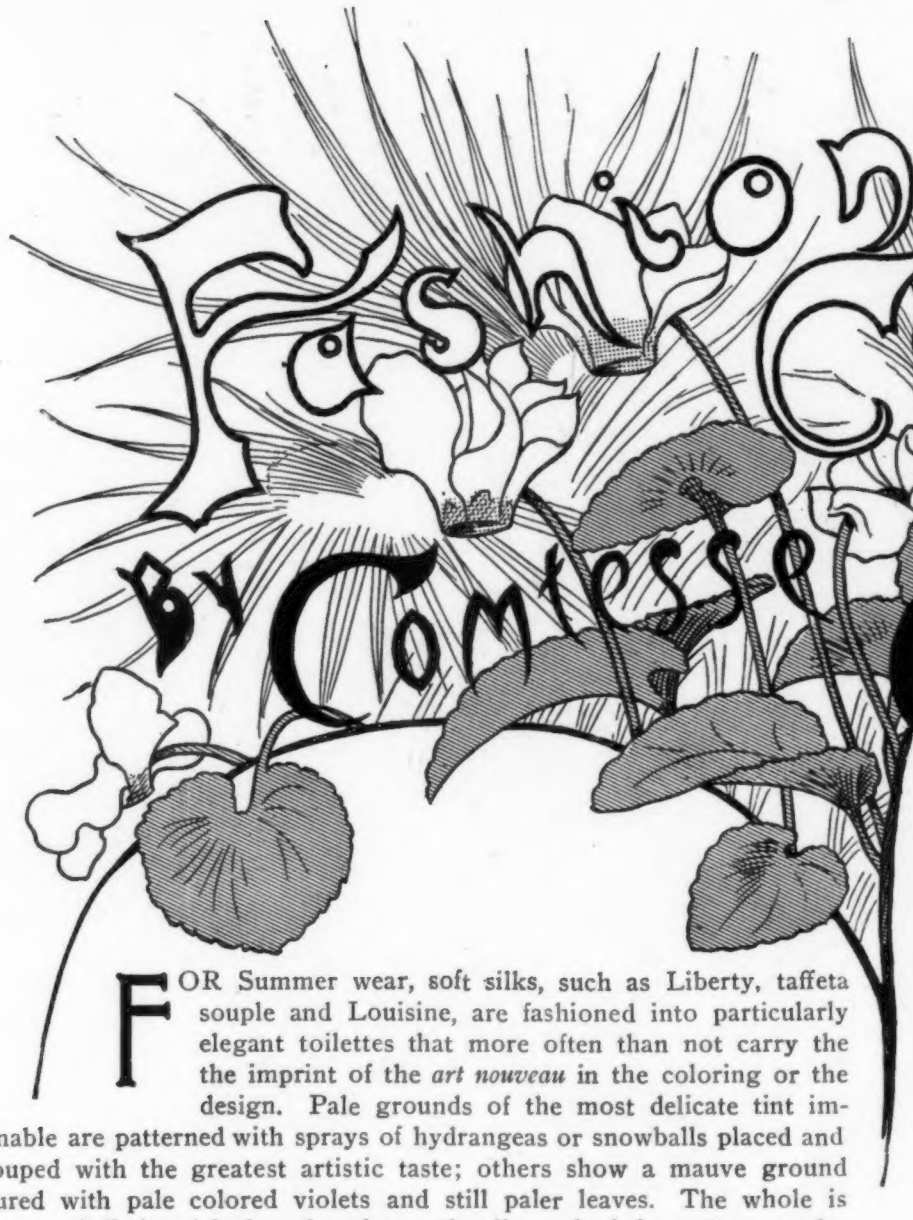


FOR Summer wear, soft silks, such as Liberty, taffeta souple and Louisine, are fashioned into particularly elegant toilettes that more often than not carry the the imprint of the *art nouveau* in the coloring or the design. Pale grounds of the most delicate tint imaginable are patterned with sprays of hydrangeas or snowballs placed and grouped with the greatest artistic taste; others show a mauve ground figured with pale colored violets and still paler leaves. The whole is pretty and distinguished, and as far as the disposal of the pattern or design is concerned, the hand of the master is recognized at once.

All sorts of sheer, soft fabrics are in demand, and veilings, especially the old-fashioned nun's veiling, promise to have an unprecedented reign because of their obvious adaptability for the prevailing modes.

Crêpe de Chine and crêpe de Paris are among the most approved materials for developing gowns for carriage and dressy wear, and a specially beautiful example is a beige crêpe de Chine embroidered in self-color with a tiny floral design. Among the recent importations is poplin-barège, a soft fabric with admirable draping qualities, which is distinguished by a poplin rib on a sheer background. Jacquard effects and odd designs of various shapes are found in the new Eoliennes, the fancier designs being always black on a réséda-green, heliotrope, old-rose or buff ground, whereas the jacquard effects are in self-color.

In some of the gowns, cloth, guipure, panne and mousseline de soie are combined in a very original manner.

Quite an odd effect is gained in some of the skirts by slashing them and inserting panels of contrasting material, which varies according to the fabric employed for the gown, lace, mousseline or embroidery being used for fine cloths, veilings and silk and wool mixtures, while mousseline, chiffon and kindred airy stuffs are found in combination with silks.

Embroidered batiste of the finest texture and the daintiest biscuit tint is to be worn very much this season for entire gowns, waists and trimmings. One novel use of it is on a canvas gown of pale yellow, patterned with black lines and white polka dots. The batiste is in pointed band trimmings on the skirt, and forms a sailor collar edged around with a narrow black lace insertion and a tiny frill of biscuit colored lace, which is repeated on the skirt.

Among the dressy gowns brought out for Summer use are some exquisite confections of white barège, a silk and wool material very fine and sheer. It is made both over white and colored linings, and displays great variety in trimmings. Tiny ruches of barège trim one dainty gown in a kind of scroll design above three gathered flounces, each finished with a ruche on the edge. Another more dressy barège gown is in white over pale blue trimmed with lace bands and silver braid. Pretty effects are made with lace bands pointed on one edge, the points being joined in diamond form and the spaces filled in with a lattice work design of velvet ribbon or silver braid. Black velvet ribbon is arranged in the same way.

Silk and wool mixtures, especially for thin, dressy gowns, are very popular, and as they come in the wide widths and rather high prices, they are very desirable. Silk and wool fabrics with a crêpe finished surface are very effective, and while the same canvas and veiling is seen that was worn with so much satisfaction last season, there is a newer weave with a much more open mesh and consequently lighter in weight.

The prettiest new foulards are satin finished and are strong rivals of satin Liberty. The majority are well covered with conventional floral designs and the coloring is dainty and artistic. One which will undoubtedly enjoy particular vogue shows a beautiful delicate porcelain-blue on a white ground with occasional touches of black.

The tailor-made costume, while preserving its practical and useful qualities, has assumed a character of Parisian elegance which adds a distinct charm to it, and that not the least appreciable. We are far from the days of the plain skirt without grace and the masculine looking shapeless jacket, which aroused our first enthusiasm, and we cannot but admire the ingenuity of designers and tailors who, without losing sight of their aim, have succeeded in harmonizing utility with the most refined elegance while we submit ourselves with pleasure to the imperious fashion of the day.

The bolero, which long ago won our favor, has completely replaced the classic jacket, and while the latter still exists, they are so exiguous in shape and infringe so little on the skirt that they almost look like prolonged boleros. In fact, the newest cut in these jackets shows just this little basque-shaped elongation which now appears very attractive to us after the continued preference for and vogue of the Eton that cuts off just at the waist. Another feature that characterizes all kinds of Summer jackets is the abolishing of high collars and the return of the shawl collar, from beneath which emerge cool, fancy shirt waists of all descriptions. There is really an unusual variety of jackets from which to choose and the cutaway effect with basque is especially suited to the closely-fitted waistcoat, while with the round short jacket the soft full blouse of silk or finest lawn is worn.

For golf and sporting wear, the daintiest little jackets are evolved, suggestive of the once-popular Norfolk, but idealized, just the same as the tailor gown in general. They resemble the Norfolk in so far that they are adorned with shaped stitched pieces like box plaits, wide at the top and narrowing very much toward the bottom, and instead of two there is only one on each side. But by far the most remarkable and strongest feature is the yoke or long-shoulder effect, whichever you wish to call it, the yoke and sleeves consisting of one piece. Instead of cutting off abruptly, the yoke forms a graceful little point on each side and also in the middle of the back. Very small revers and a narrow turned-down collar, together with stitching, complete the very attractive little jacket, which fastens with buttons in the center.

As far as materials are concerned, all the pale-tinted Summer cloths are much in vogue, of course satin finished, and of these, panne cloth is the favored one. Covert cloth is too heavy for present wear, although some traveling gowns are most successfully evolved from it. The colors in vogue earlier in the season, the handsome shades of blue, known as Aiglon tints, the various soft, delicate shades of green, brown and gray have been augmented by a few other attractive tints. On the whole, the colors exhibit a decided tendency toward brown, and most of the new tints are on this order, running all the way from a warm rosewood to a soft golden sand-color. The new red is "framboise," the exact tint of a ripe raspberry. Soft pastel greens and also more vivid shades of green are very pretty in cloths like drap d'été, but look too harsh in mohairs and brilliantines. All the shades of gray, beige and castor, also of blue, are greatly in favor, owing to their ability to give a cool appearance to the wearer. Many handsome gowns for seaside wear are developed of white cloth and white mohair.

A very fetching combination consists of a white skirt, either cloth or mohair, and a jaunty jacket in a vivid color, for instance scarlet, or the fashionable faïence or Marie Louise blue may be chosen.

PIQUÉ AND LINEN GOWNS.

(Described on page 14.)

IX.—The Italian.

THE Italian is sweet and seductive with a curious and rare charm, presenting a most complex type in which are combined Juno and Minerva and the languorous fire of the southern country. Her complexion is pale but healthy, her voice soft and musical, her smile sweet and caressing. But her most distinguishing feature are her eyes, whose expression changes with every mood, now profound, now sharp, now velvety, now mischievous, but always luminous.

The Italian may be compared to the rose, passing her life languidly and sweetly, careless of the worries of the morrow and sensible only of the joys of to-day. She radiates grace and with glad heart accepts happiness as it presents itself, always gay and *debonaire*. Her lips bubble over with *esprit* and she carries her heart always in her hand. She is cordial but at times reserved and impressive, and talks little, always with an extreme rectitude of judgment, a profound sense of people and things which, combined with a large fund of simplicity and artlessness, make up a most bizarre medley irresistibly captivating and seductive.

In Italian society, which rests firmly on Christian tradition, we find less posing, less haughtiness and pride and more ease and *légereté* than in other countries, Christian also, although of a Christianity more eclectic. But the Italian, whose nature is singularly arduous, is terrible in her love and jealousy. She is a red rose with a heart of fire. She loves with infinite passion and if her ire is aroused she can hate with the same degree of intensity.

The life of a *grande dame* in Rome, Florence or Naples differs in nothing from that of the *grande dame* of other continental cities—for instance, Paris or Vienna—save in the character of the woman herself, because both the Parisienne and the Viennese are more or less agitated by the various events of the society world, whereas the Italian regards these with a calmness and serenity that is almost disconcerting.

Her step is active and swift and full of grace without any visible haste, and yet a suspicion of restrained energy and vitality. Just before her lunch she takes a long walk which is just the opposite of the elegant Parisienne and Viennese whose dainty feet know no other exertion save that of the waltz or the cotillon, and who number walking among the necessary evils of a physician's prescription, very good from a hygienic point of view, but otherwise highly unpleasant. The Italian walks for the sake of the pleasure to be derived from this exercise and thereby preserves her suppleness and grace long after the women of other nations have become indolent and inactive.

Her material life can be summed up with a few words: she rises late, because her evenings are spent in pleasure and constitute a perpetual fête. She develops luxurious tastes as far as her gowns for evening wear are concerned, but shares, with the aristocratic women of all nations, the preference for simple day frocks for street wear. Her carriage robes are exquisite and when she appears in her box at the theater or opera she is a vision of loveliness.

The rest is an unknown quantity. The pleasures of the table, the large dinners, are relegated to the background. On the whole, the repasts are of an extreme frugality. The attractiveness of a bunch of flowers beside the plate, the beauty of cut glass and delicate china are not known even in the homes of the opulent. The serving of the meals is decidedly crude, and everything is eaten with haste.

The Italian has little predilection for the abstract sciences, but prefers voluntarily arts and letters. She has an exquisite sense of and appreciation for the æsthetic, but its cultivation is the exception and not the rule. Female sculptors and painters are very rare indeed in Italy, but, on the other hand, we find many amiable and distinguished writers and many bright stars on the literary and poetical firmament. Their whole self is pictured in their verses, which are just as captivating and seductive as the national female nature.

* * *

LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offense;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense!
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong;
Which will disappear ere long!
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!
Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!
Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred,
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass!
Let it pass!
If for good you've taken ill;
Let it pass!
Oh, be kind and gentle still!
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!
Bid your anger to depart;
Let it pass!
Lay those homely words to heart;
"Let it pass!"
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

—*All the Year Round.*

GOWNS FOR ELDERLY LADIES.

(Described on page 14.)

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.

By J. Humphrey.

MONSIEUR FLAUBERT lay back in his chair and dreamed of dinners he had eaten and conquests he had made—conquests not in the stricken field, but those softer victories, sometimes so hard to win, gained in the *salon* and the Casino.

Incidentally, he thought of his wife, and a shadow crossed his brow. Don't misunderstand him. It was at the thought of her absence. Then he thought of his native land, and a tear glistened in his eye.

He was an exile, far from sunny France, in this land of freedom and independence, which means, at present, Narragansett Pier. According to M. Flaubert, however, it meant Sabbatarianism and gloom, although, as a matter of fact, the usual sunshiny glare had been over the Pier all the day long, and an excellent band was discoursing lively tunes, but M. Flaubert's imagination rose superior to facts.

The large verandas of the Gedney House were as yet but partially filled and here and there among the groups of fair women—fairer, some of them, than Nature had intended—and brave men—excessively brave some looked—were empty chairs and coffeeless tables. The two chairs next to M. Flaubert were unoccupied. He looked at them and wondered what his neighbors would be like.

From the dining-room issued two portly dames and their attendant squire, and made straight for his corner. They gave one the impression of having recently raided a pawnshop, and their lineaments gave testimony that they belonged to an ancient but oft-maligned race. M. Elaubert thought of the honor of the French army and scowled. Happily, there was safety in numbers and they passed on.

But who was this following? A goddess surely!

What a face! What a form! What a bewitching smile! And surely that dream of lace and foulard she wore was never conceived beneath an American sky although American coutourières are expert copyists of Parisian smartness! Ah, Anatole, be wary! Is one glance enough to wile away your allegiance from the daughters of your native land? Besides, remember Madame Flaubert!

The goddess turned to her companion, a sunburnt young man with a determined mouth, and pointed out the empty chairs that Fortune had placed next to M. Flaubert. The young man gave a look of impassive assent and they sat down.

"Have you, then, still the air that draws them to your side?" thought M. Flaubert, as he twirled his moustache and assumed an attitude of indifference to his surroundings which was all that could be desired, except that, perhaps, it was a trifle self-conscious.

Coffee was brought to his neighbors, and he stole a glance. How mobile and sensitive were her features. How she must be chilled by contact with this impassive, cold-blooded American.

It was evident that he was indifferent, because he was so silent, but then Anatole had heard that Americans are generally silent, except when they are angry. Was he ever angry? Perhaps he ill-treated her. Monsieur Flaubert's blood boiled at the thought. She was smiling, it is true, but what courage women have to bear their disappointments. You know women, don't you Anatole? Ah, well, some are disappointed in some ways, some in others. At this point M. Flaubert's reflections were broken into by hearing the voice of the American say with some irritation:

"Oh, hang it!"

"What is it, dear?" said the angel.

"Nothing to smoke. I've left my case upstairs."

"What a bother," she responded, with sweet sympathy. "Let me go up and get it for you."

What a sacrilege! Before the husband had time to reply, M. Flaubert had whipped out his cigarette case and proffered it with an "If M'sieur will permit."

The sunburnt young man for an instant simply stared, and it was the lady's angelic voice which broke the silence.

"Oh, how kind," she said.

Then the husband somewhat stiffly murmured his thanks and took a cigarette.

Monsieur Flaubert spoke of the difficulty of ascending and descending in so vast an hotel. And then, when at the top, one may have forgotten to demand the key at the office and one gained nothing.

To these trivialities, intended merely to break the ice, the husband gave but a brief response, but the lady soon made divine amends for a courtesy somewhat lacking by entering into the conversation. It is true that her question was scarcely original. In fact, from other lips, Monsieur Flaubert had become somewhat tired of hearing it.

She asked him his impressions of the United States.

Monsieur Flaubert had some impressions jotted down in a notebook, and his letters to his friends in France contained many brilliant reflections on our life and character, and the written word remains to show what he thought of our country in his innermost heart. Happily, for the lady was a patriot, the views he expressed in his reply to her question differed somewhat widely from those that scintillated from the epigrams he had penned to the great amusement of himself and the lesser entertainment of his friends.

"The United States," he said, "are the land of Byron and of Longfellow. What country could a man of romantic temperament desire more ardently to see?" It is difficult to combine enthusiasm with mere accuracy, and Monsieur Flaubert must be forgiven on account of the excellence of his sentiment.

Monsieur Flaubert expatiated on the theme with zest, and said many and beautiful things, some of which were intelligible to both his hearers and himself. Then, noticing that the husband had finished his cigarette, he again produced his case.

The husband held up his hand to decline. But the lady stretched out her hand.

"Excuse me," she said, "Monsieur——"

"Anatole Flaubert," added the gentleman addressed, producing a somewhat florid card.

"Your cigarette case is so charming!" she continued. "Isn't it, Harry?"

Harry thought it was.

The case was handed from one to the other. It was a pretty toy, made of gun metal with a turquoise design on it—the sort of thing that ladies give their husbands, and notice with chagrin that they never see it again. Monsieur Flaubert looked on and gave a shrug, as who should say, "It is a trifle."

As a matter of fact, he was dying to put it in the enchantress' hand and crave her acceptance, but it had a sentimental interest. He had bought it at Tiffany's and it was to be a present to him from his wife as a souvenir of his journey abroad. Therefore, he sighed sentimentally and murmured as he placed it next his heart.

"It is a souvenir."

The lady smiled. Monsieur Flaubert puffed away his recollection with his tobacco smoke and spoke with awe and admiration of English tailors. On such a theme he talked his best, for it was eminently pleasant to talk English to one so well acquainted with the French idiom as this charming lady.

The sunburnt young man said little. He was the odd man out, you must understand, with Anatole Flaubert in the company. Who would not be impatient in his case? He suggested in vain a whisky and soda, but Monsieur Flaubert's one experience of whisky prompted an alarmed refusal; then he suggested that his wife should go to bed. The fellow was galled, you see. How Flaubert smiled in his sleeve! But the wife smilingly assented. It was evident that obedience was the rule with such a tyrant. A jealous husband. thought Flaubert. The deuce!

The rest of the evening was a blank—a rosy blank. Monsieur Flaubert's thoughts ran less on exile and on far-off France. What a smile she had!—and gracious, how cross the fellow looked!—and how sleepy this air of Narragansett Pier makes one! he thought, and so went up in the elevator—plomp!—to the fourth floor.

As he untied that vast cravat, which prejudice will not copy, and surveyed his features in the glass that night, he murmured, "Sad dog, Anatole, sad dog!" and I wonder, Monsieur Flaubert, if, when you went to sleep that night, your dreams were of Madame Flaubert.

There is nothing to do at Narragansett in the daytime, and so people do all sorts of things. It is probable that Mr. Harry Withers and his wife spent the day on the golf links, the existence of which would have very much puzzled

(Continued on page 9.)

YACHTING COSTUMES.

(Described on page 14.)

CHARACTER TOLD BY MONTH OF BIRTH.

HERE is an old astrological prediction, said to indicate with tolerable certainty the character of the girl according to the month of her birth:

If a girl is born in January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good tempered.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling.

If in April, inconsistent, not intelligent, but likely to be good looking.

If in May, handsome and likely to be happy.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early and be frivolous.

If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper.

If in August, amiable and practical, likely to marry rich.

If in September, discreet, affable and much liked.

If in October, pretty and coquettish and likely to be unhappy.

If in November, liberal, kind, of a mild disposition.

If in December, well proportioned, fond of novelty and extravagant.

CHEERFUL WOMEN.

A cheerful woman is like a ray of sunshine wherever she goes. She not only does good to others by example, but she helps discontented and gloomy people to throw off some of their native melancholy, and to emulate a little of her own cheeriness. The cheerfulness that persists in seeing the bright side of everything, and discovers "the silver lining" where others perceive no break in the gray cloud, must not be confounded with selfishness and carelessness. They are totally different attributes, quite antagonistic to one another. A purely selfish and careless woman would be thinking so continually about herself that she would have no reserve force left in which to practice the hundred and one little thoughtful actions which come within the ken of the woman who has "cheerfulness" as her watchword, and who endeavors to make her sisters more happy by imparting some of it to them.

VIOLETS.

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears—
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
—Lowell.

Deep violets, you liken to
The kindest eyes that look on you,
Without a thought disloyal.
—Elizabeth Browning.

We are violets blue.
Love's dropp'd eyelids and a kiss—
Such our breath and blueness is.
—Leigh Hunt.

(Continued from 7.)

Monsieur Flaubert if he had known of it, but he did not, and in his diverse wanderings he did not come across his enslaver that day.

Footsore, he sought the smoking-room and attacked a half-written letter to a friend with some care, to be at his best, "these things are shown about, you know." "Put New York by the sea, but that one does not know there is a sea," he wrote, "wipe off the fog, and you have Narragansett." The idea was quite new to Monsieur Flaubert. "In the daytime the men go off, some with bags full of bats to play cricket on the sands" (he may possibly have been alluding to golf), "others in 'mufti' to ride on the hounds" (a display of knowledge of the English idiom, which must have given his correspondent a good deal of earnest thought). "The ladies stay at home and mope themselves or promenade forever. Some of them are not so bad." But not a word of Mrs. Withers. Oh, Flaubert!

The witching hour of dinner brought him consolation for the barbarities of his exile, for there, but two tables off, were the young couple, Mr. Withers looking as though dinner were a matter of some importance and treating it with due solemnity, and his wife more bewitching than ever and, goddess-like, not forgetful of her ambrosia. Monsieur Flaubert wondered how a man could live with a soul so dead as to keep his eyes glued on his plate when there was such a face before him. Our friend was hard hit, you see; in fact he sacrificed his ice in order to join them at coffee.

The young man surveyed him with a mild and somewhat chilly surprise. It looked as if he had rubbed all the surface geniality off himself with a bath towel. But his wife received the intruder with a charming greeting.

To-day Monsieur Flaubert was not so light-hearted as yesterday evening. He spoke of his native land and of his home, omitting Madame Flaubert, and as he spoke with the pathos of an exile, a softness extinguished the flash in his eyes. Proud would have been the city of his birth if she could have heard him describing her beauty and magnificence; happy would have been the little hillocks surrounding her, if they had known themselves painted as a bulwark of mountains. It was a moment of emotion, you will understand.

Divine pity gleamed in Mrs. Withers' eyes as she asked him why he was among strangers.

"I have a duty to perform," said Monsieur Flaubert, simply.

The words had quite a Quixotic air; otherwise, perhaps, he would have chosen the more accurate equivalent: "I am here on business."

He had aroused the lady's interest. It was clear to a little knot of neighbors, who were gossiping and laughing, and it was clear to Mr. Withers. He began to display signs of impatience and irritability. You were a brave man, Flaubert, when you pressed Madame's hand that evening and murmured that exile had its charms.

To one not unaccustomed to these successes, as I have hinted, it was no surprise to see Mrs. Withers approach next morning after breakfast with desire for conversation written on her face.

With a charming shyness she addressed him: "Would Monsieur Flaubert do her a favor?"

"A favor!" To look astonished when you feel no astonishment would be mere foolishness. Monsieur Flaubert smiled and bowed. That nothing could be too great was implied.

The lady, slightly embarrassed, for the lowness of Monsieur Flaubert's bow was somewhat noticeable in the crowded room, proceeded.

"The other night when you were kind enough to offer my husband a cigarette, I noticed how very pretty your case was, and, if it is possible, I very much wish to get one like it."

It was something to talk about, thought Flaubert; or could it possibly be that she, too, wanted a "souvenir"? The thought was too flattering for a sudden response, and Monsieur Flaubert gathered all his wits to make a worthy reply.

"Perhaps one can only get them in France?" asked the lady, with the least tone of disappointment in her voice.

Flaubert had hinted something, he remembered. It was something of a wrench to have to acknowledge that he himself had purchased it in New York, but that tone of disappointment was more than he could bear. Besides, had he not pledged himself to grant her her favor?

"It came, I feel sure," he replied, "from a place no further than New York. I would be only too proud to purchase one like it for Madame, if she would make me her agent."

"You must not let me bother you," said Mrs. Withers.

Monsieur Flaubert assured her that it would be the most honorable of services.

"Friday will be my husband's birthday," said the lady, "and I wish to give it to him for a present, as he admired yours as much as I did."

She said this as though an explanation were necessary. So, perhaps, it was. Why should a lady want a cigarette case—one like Monsieur Flaubert's, too? Ah! that was the question. Monsieur Flaubert smiled indulgently. How easily we men see through the ladies' little subterfuges!

"My husband must know nothing about it," said Mrs. Withers. (I should think not, thought Monsieur Flaubert.) "So take care that you keep it a great secret!" she added gaily.

Imprudent one! she had said it before Monsieur Flaubert's look of tragic warning could arrest her. There at her elbow was the husband!

"The deuce!" thought Monsieur Flaubert.

II.

The outburst, which Monsieur Flaubert's imagination had pictured in the twinkling of an eye did not take place; but Mr. Withers looked distinctly annoyed.

What on earth could his wife have to say to this little Frenchman? It was bad enough to have him bothering about all the evening without being afflicted with him in the daytime. Surely his wife couldn't see anything to cotton to in the gesticulating little idiot. But why this air of mystery? And why keep something or other a great secret? Of course it wasn't worth while to say anything. It was too ridiculous. But still——

For the moment he said, somewhat curtly, "Come along, Florrie!" and bore the lady off; but the idea took root all the same.

The thoughts with which Monsieur Flaubert credited him as he watched their retreating backs were somewhat widely different from those which stirred that cross-looking young man's breast. He even pretended to himself that he thought Monsieur Anatole Flaubert preposterous. Think of it. Preposterous!

For all that the idea grew, and even in its adolescence showed the features of jealousy.

The jewelers, it appeared, were out of cigarette cases like that of Monsieur Flaubert's, but expected some the next day. Monsieur Flaubert seized three separate opportunities of informing Mrs. Withers of this with a finger on the lip and a raising of eyebrows and an air generally of such mystery, that it is small wonder that finally thoughts of jealousy were no longer dismissed from Mr. Withers' mind, but found there a permanent and bracing abiding place.

Ah, Flaubert, what you have to answer for!

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Withers pleaded a headache, and Mr. Withers set out to pass the afternoon alone. The state of his mind may be guessed when one hears that he wasn't sure whither he was going. He crossed the road and paced the front, a hundred yards this way, a hundred yards that. Then he thought he would go to the Orleans, find a friend, and play billiards. Fixed with this great resolve, he started off, his long legs striding finely, and as he went he muttered "Preposterous!" But gradually the striding lessened, hesitation seemed to have crept from his head to his heels. A thought was sticking in his brain. "They always say they have a headache when they want to get rid of us."

But it was too ridiculous. He almost laughed, but still he walked slower. He stopped and turned to look at the sea. He turned again; this time it was in the direction of the hotel. Now the order was reversed. At first his step was slow and hesitating, but as he neared the portico he found himself striding out faster than he had started. As he entered, he again murmured "Preposterous!"

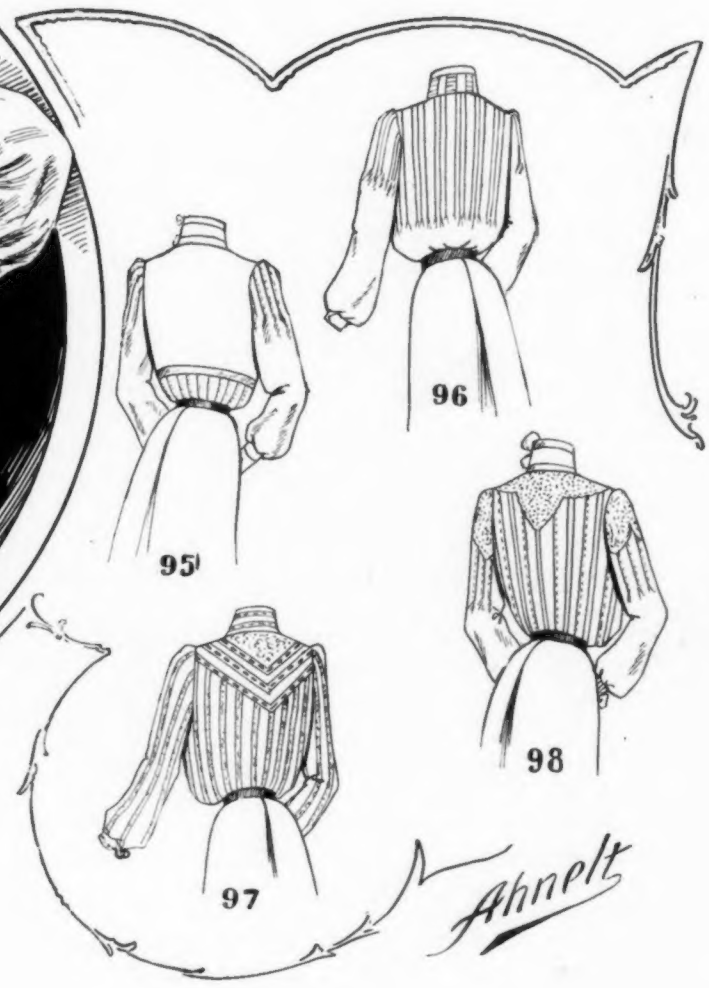
However that might be, the first thing he did was to enter the elevator and get whirled up to their rooms. With something of hesitation he opened the door and entered the sitting-room.

On the table was something that immediately caught his eye. It could not be—it was the cigarette case of that Frenchman!

He could not be mistaken; it was gun-metal, and all over it was sprinkled the ornament in turquoises. He remembered, too well, that he had taken one of the man's accursed cigarettes from that very case.

Close to it on the table was the wrapper of a parcel from which the contents had been taken. He turned it over. It bore the name of a prominent New York jeweler, and from it there dropped, as he handled it, a card, on which was inscribed:

"With the compliments of Anatole Flaubert."



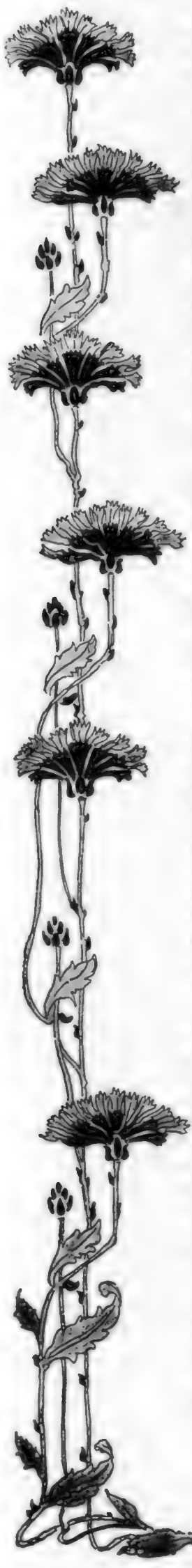
LAWN SHIRT WAISTS

(Described on page 14.)

Mr. Withers stared at his trover in bewilderment, and it is a curious thing that the first word that rose to his lips was "Preposterous!"

At first it was with difficulty that he could wedge into his brains the logical consequences of his discovery, but gradually the full significance of what he saw began to dawn on him.

The man's cigarette case was here; therefore the man had been here himself.



He stood for a few moments, this way and that, revolving the swift mind, but nothing more came of it—and nothing less.

Mr. Withers was young, but he was a regular American, as I have said. It was, therefore, with a certain grim manner, which might have passed for calm, that he tore up the wrapper and the card, and put the cigarette case in his pocket. In descending he took the staircase. One can't meet any one in passing in the elevator.

With a systematic deliberation, he took the public rooms of the hotel in order.

The first four or five were unsatisfactory, but at last he lighted on one which seemed to suit him. It was a small room adjoining the billiard room, and at the moment it had but one occupant.

It was Monsieur Flaubert, who had retired from the busy haunts of men with his notebook, and a determination to jot down some impressions of his travels. An air of great good-humor pervaded him, for had he not in one happy epigram hit off the worth of our institutions and our country?

"One goes to America," he wrote, "in order to return to France."

Not so bad, he thought; and now I must write and tell them that I shall be obliged to stay a few days longer. Monsieur Flaubert smiled at something that crossed his mind, and smiling looked up at the intruder.

A certain author has written of the barbarities which take place when the English grow polite. Monsieur Flaubert was not aware of this; the lines:

"Cock' the' gun that is not loaded, cook the frozen dynamite,
But, oh, but beware my country, when my country grows polite,"

were unknown to him.

So it was, that when the American advanced toward him, and said "Good-day," without any outward and visible sign of wrath, that Monsieur Flaubert had no warning of impending unpleasantness, and replied genially.

"Ah, my good friend Mr. Withers, I am very glad to see you."

"And I am very glad to see you," responded that gentleman.

"And Mrs. Withers, how is she?" asked the Frenchman.

A rather deeper color came into Mr. Withers' cheeks, but he took no notice of the question. He planted himself in front of the other, and said:

"The fact is, there is a question or two which I want to ask you."

"Most certainly," replied Monsieur Flaubert, not quite so cheerily.

"I want to know why you were in my sitting-room this afternoon?"

A look of astonishment, which might have been mistaken for trepidation, spread itself over Monsieur Flaubert's face.

"I was not," he said.

"Oh!" said the American, drily.

"I repeat, I was not," retorted the other with some warmth.

"Then, may I ask how it was that you came to leave your cigarette case there?" asked Mr. Withers, drawing the gun-metal toy from his pocket and exhibiting it to Monsieur Flaubert's astonished gaze.

"I—I did not leave it there," he stammered.

"Oh!" said Mr. Withers, still more drily, and a steely look came into his eyes.

"I have an explanation. I will explain," said Monsieur Flaubert. Now, Mr. Withers had just listened to what he considered to be two deliberate falsehoods, so he said:

"No, you won't. I don't want to hear any more of your lies."

Monsieur Flaubert started up in fiery indignation. Who knows what might have happened? But before one resorts to force, one should know the reason why.

"On my honor——" he began.

"Oh, we won't worry about that," said Mr. Withers. "Now, my advice to you is to clear out," and he advanced toward him with a gesture of menace.

Monsieur Flaubert for the moment gave ground. It was a moment for thought, not action. These Americans, he considered, do not fight like gentlemen with swords, but in disgusting fashion with blows from the fist, which hurt. It is a brutal business. One combatant gets a bloody nose, the other gains no honor. A Frenchman should fight for honor. And, besides, there would be the scandal! Till now he had acted nobly. He had not explained—remember that—he had not explained, and Madame's secret was safe with him. The thought sufficed to stay his itching hand.

They had slowly described a circle around the room, Monsieur Flaubert first and Mr. Withers following, and now Monsieur Flaubert beat a retreat to the door. What is done, should be done quickly. Monsieur Flaubert's retreat was done quickly.

With his hand upon the door-knob, he turned and faced his foe, and hurled at him an epithet expressive of the deepest scorn and contempt; then he left the room. That was also done quickly.

Mr. Withers did not understand the epithet, which was French, but, by way of answer, hurled the cigarette case at Monsieur Flaubert's retreating back.

Then he stood still for a moment, till the joy of combat went out of him; after that he left the hotel, leaving a message for Mrs. Withers that she was to dine alone.

He then went out to spend the evening in dignified solitude. How and where he spent it has not transpired.

At all events, the next morning he arose from the sofa in the sitting-room with a splitting headache and feeling anything but fit for the battle of the strong.

"To-day is my birthday," he thought, and in the bitterness of his soul, he rang for some brandy and soda.

Even with that assistance he found it difficult to range all his miseries in his throbbing brain, and it was long before a proper and dignified course of conduct had suggested itself to him, that his wife appeared in the sitting-room. She looked fresh and charming as usual, though perhaps there was the least shade of worry on her brow. She had heard her husband return the night before and take up his abode in the sitting-room. She had even stolen in and watched his somewhat broken slumbers. "It was most unlike Harry," she thought.

She glanced at the half-empty glass.

"Oh, Harry!" she said, "you horrid dissipated boy. How boiled you look this morning!"

However manifold one's wrongs may be, it is difficult to adopt an air of righteousness, wrath, and superiority, when one has been called a "horrid dissipated boy," and described as looking "boiled."

Harry struggled in vain.

"No wonder you look uncomfortable," said Mrs. Withers, noticing the struggles and misunderstanding between them. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

He, ashamed of himself! Good gracious! How unblushing women can be!

Mrs. Withers came forward and stretched a cool hand to his brow. This was more than he could stand. He turned his head away in wrath, and in doing so ricked his neck.

"Poor dear!" said his wife. "Is he so bad as all that?"

She turned away, and the words of denunciation rose to Mr. Withers' lips, but before they were spoken, she had begun again.

"Harry, I am afraid that you will think it horrid of me—but you will forgive me, won't you?"

Mr. Withers looked stern and breathed loud through his nostrils. It was too much to hear her speak in words and in a tone suitable to the most trivial error of forgetfulness, after practicing this base deception. What were women made of?

"For goodness' sake, don't look at me like that!" said Mrs. Withers. "It really wasn't my fault. Besides, I haven't told you anything about it yet."

Her husband found words at last to say:

"Thank you, I think that's hardly necessary."

"Oh, but it is. How cross you are this morning, Harry! Do you know that to-day's your birthday, and if you're cross on your birthday you'll be cross all the year round, and I shall run away and never come back any more."

Her tone of careless gaiety was more exasperating than anything else. "And yet people wonder, when men hit their wives on the head with a coal-hammer," thought Harry, grinding his teeth.

"It was about your birthday present I was just going to talk," she said. "I did get you one, but I've lost it. I can't make it out at all."

"There are many things that I can't make out," began the angry husband in a stern voice.

"Oh, never mind about them now, Harry." The woman simply would not be silent. "As I was saying, I got you one. You know Monsieur Flaubert's cigarette case?"

Mr. Withers gasped. There was not a shadow of constraint in her voice when she alluded to him.

"Well, you rather liked it, so I asked the funny little man to get one like it for you. He sent it up here yesterday all right, because I opened the parcel and took it out myself. The bill was inside, so I wrote a cheque at once, and just went outside to see that it went. I couldn't have been five minutes, and I am sure that I shut the door, but when I got back, the cigarette case, the wrapper, and everything had disappeared. It is very extraordinary. Of course one doesn't like to accuse the servants, but—— Oh, that's my good boy!"

Mr. Withers had come up behind her and had, very shyly, kissed her lips. He now stood looking out of the window.

"Why, what are you thinking about, Harry?" said his wife.

"Oh, nothing," said Harry. "I—I—er—was just thinking that I had been rather a fool, that's all."

SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

(Described on page 14.)

MLLE. HAYGATE.

MLLE. ROBINSON.

TYPES OF FRENCH BEAUTY.

MLLE. BIGNON.

MLLE. HALLY.

Description of Plates.

PIQUÉ AND LINEN GOWNS.

(Illustrated on page 4.)

Fig. 462.—Gown of pale blue piqué. Blouse waist with sailor collar of dotted white piqué banded with insertion. Skirt trimmed with piqué straps. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 463.—Gown of porcelain blue linen. Blouse waist and skirt trimmed with folds of linen imitating tucks. Scalloped collar. Belt and stock collar of Liberty satin. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 464.—Gown of white piqué. Blouse waist opens over vest of white lawn. Revers-collar trimmed with stitched straps and embroidery. Skirt trimmed with graduated straps. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

GOWNS FOR ELDERLY LADIES.

(Illustrated on page 6.)

Fig. 465.—Gown of lilac foulard figured with black. Blouse waist tucked lengthwise at the shoulders and horizontally at the bottom. Yoke and stock collar of white Liberty silk. Lace insertion threaded with black velvet ribbon. Skirt tucked in clusters. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 466.—Gown of mauve mercerized linen. Yoke and vest of mauve and white embroidery. Revers faced with white linen. Bands of tucked mauve linen. Skirt with embroidery panel framed with tucked bands. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

YACHTING COSTUMES.

(Illustrated on page 8.)

Fig. 473.—Costume of white mohair. Revers trimmed with navy-blue braid and embroidered with anchors. Sailor collar and skirt trimmed with blue mohair straps. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 474.—Costume of figured piqué. Straps of contrasting material or braid. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 475.—Costume of navy-blue mohair or brilliantine. Vest and sailor collar of white mohair or piqué; navy-blue straps. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

LAWN SHIRT WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 10.)

Fig. 95.—Shirt waist of white mercerized lawn, tucked and trimmed in bolero effect with straps of blue lawn. Sleeves tucked at shoulder and gathered into fitted cuffs. Pattern, waist, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 96.—Shirt waist of china-blue mercerized lawn, tucked in clusters and trimmed in center of front with looped taffeta ribbon. Sleeves tucked in clusters at top. Pattern, waist, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 97.—Shirt waist of pale pink lawn and lace insertion. Lace yoke. Bands of plain lawn threaded with velvet ribbon run through buttonholes. Velvet ribbon rosette. Pattern, waist, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 98.—Shirt waist of lavender mercerized lawn, tucked and trimmed with embroidery. Looped lavender ribbon in center of front. Pattern, waist, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

(Illustrated on page 12.)

Fig. 67.—Shirt waist suit of flowered swiss. Embroidered yoke edged with ruffle. Sleeves of embroidery. Skirt trimmed with gathered ruffle. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 68.—Shirt waist suit of figured china silk. Vest trimmed with lace insertion. Lace collar. Skirt with plaited flounce headed with insertion. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 69.—Shirt waist suit of pongee. Waist and skirt tucked in clusters alternating with embroidery insertion. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 70.—Shirt waist suit of figured china silk. Collar and skirt garniture of contrasting material. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

FOULARD AND ORGANDIE FROCKS.

(Described on page 15.)

FOULARD AND LINEN GOWNS.

(Described on this page.)

FOULARD AND ORGANDIE FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 14.)

Fig. 467.—Frock of pale green organdie. Blouse waist trimmed with lace insertion. Shoulder straps of lace edged with ruffles of mousseline de soie. Skirt with tucked flounce edged with ruffle and headed with lace insertion. Black velvet belt. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 468.—Frock of navy-blue satin foulard. Lace yoke and collar. Berthe of lace points and velvet ribbon. Lace sleeves. Skirt with tucked flounce trimmed with lace and velvet ribbon. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 469.—Frock of pale blue organdie. Tucked yoke edged ruching. Lower part of waist and sleeves of plain organdie. Skirt trimmed with ruffle and ruches. Black velvet ribbon. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

FOULARD AND LINEN GOWNS.

(Illustrated on this page.)

Fig. 470.—Gown of old rose foulard. Waist trimmed with black velvet ribbon and lace. Sleeves with double puffs. Skirt with plaited front and lace garniture. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 471.—Gown of mercerized écru linen. Vest of Liberty silk. Sailor collar inlaid with lace. Black velvet ribbon. Skirt trimmed with ribbon drawn through buttonholed slashes. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 472.—Gown of faïence blue foulard figured with cream. Plaited waist. Yoke of lace and tucked Liberty silk. Shirred ruching. Skirt trimmed with tucked flounce and ruching. Pattern, waist, 50 cents; skirt, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

HANDSOME SILK WAISTS.

(Illustrated on page 16.)

Fig. 44.—Waist of tucked poppy-red taffeta; fronts edged with straps of stitched white taffeta. Vest of plaited white mousseline. Small buttons. Bishop sleeves. Pattern, waist, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 45.—Waist of pale-blue peau de soie tucked in clusters. Embroidered bretelles and collar. Stitched straps. Pattern, waist, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 46.—Waist of tucked apricot taffeta. Embroidered bands. Vest of plaited Liberty silk. Pattern, waist, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 47.—Waist of tucked royal blue taffeta. Yoke, collar, lower parts of sleeves and revers facing of tucked cream taffeta. Stitched straps of blue taffeta. Pattern, waist, 50 cents. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

SUMMER WRAPPERS.

(Illustrated on page 18.)

Fig. 52.—Wrapper of white lawn, trimmed with embroidery insertion and ruffles. Pattern, wrapper, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 53.—Wrapper of figured lawn trimmed with bands of china-blue lawn and lace. Wide ruffle. Pattern, wrapper, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 54.—Wrapper of striped silk and linen chambray. Yoke aad vest of plain chambray trimmed with ruffles and ribbon. Pattern, wrapper, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

Fig. 55.—Wrapper of china silk. Bolero fronts trimmed with lace insertion and ribbon. Yoke of lace insertion alternating with plain silk bands. Tucked sleeves. Pattern, wrapper, $1.00. Cut to measure, 50 cents extra.

GIRLS' OUTING DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 20.)

Fig. 476.—Sailor suit of plaid gingham. Corsage tucked in clusters, the overlapping side edged with a band of stitched plain gingham. Sailor collar of white piqué. Yoke and collar tucked. Skirt tucked in clusters. Pattern, suit, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 477.—Sailor suit of navy-blue flannel. Sailor collar and skirt trimmed with white braid. Pattern, suit, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 478.—Sailor suit of scarlet mohair. Blouse waist. Collar edged with white braid and soutache. Skirt trimmed with two ruffles. Pattern, suit, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 479.—Sailor suit of white linen. Double-breasted blouse. Collar edged with tucking and trimmed with fancy stitching. Skirt tucked at the bottom. Pattern, suit, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

MISSES' AND GIRLS' COSTUMES.

(Illustrated on page 22.)

Fig. 480.—Misses' costume of white linen. Tucked waist. Wide linen bands with taffeta straps trim waist and skirt. Pattern, costume, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

(Continued on page 20)

HANDSOME SILK WAISTS.

(Described on page 15.)

NEW STYLES IN HAIRDRESSING.

NOWADAYS we vary the style of our hairdressing nearly as often as we change the fashion of our gowns, and for the excellent reason that both coiffure and costume are sometimes supplied all ready for our use. We are saved any trouble whatever in the matter. So if you should happen to want to appear with your hair dressed in a new way, I would advise you to study the pictured details.

As a specimen of a low dressing, I do not think you could well have anything prettier than that third coiffure, where the softly waved hair has just a suggestion of a little parting in front, where some little curls fall lightly on the forehead; while then it outlines the curve of the head in vastly becoming fashion before it is drawn into a coil, which tapers almost to a point low down in the neck. This is essentially a girlish style, while then for the smart young married woman nothing could be more charmingly chic than the second coiffure with its accentuated side-parting and wide waves of hair drawn low down over the forehead without any suspicion of a curl being introduced. Then it is surmounted by a high loop bow of hair held in by a couple of combs.

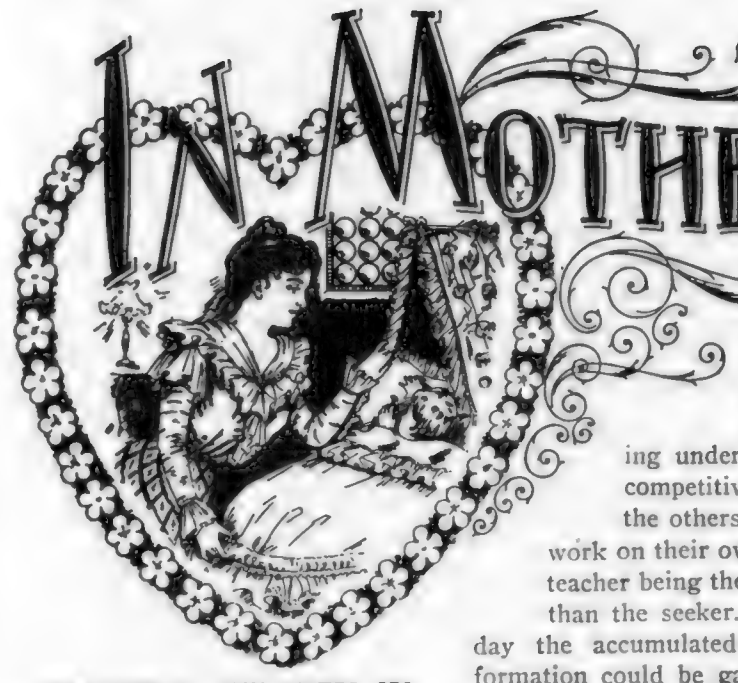
And, lastly, there is that somewhat more dignified and matronly style which is arranged with a divided pompadour front, and at the back a thick coil of hair simply twisted round and round into an outstanding knot. Now choose your style, either from this trio or from the group portrayed below.

The society woman of to-day has so fully realized the advantages of the "transformation" that she considers two at least, and possibly three, as absolutely necessary items in her outfit for the season's campaign. She must have one for cycling, hunting, and so forth; another for ordinary daily use, where the soft waves are somewhat more loosely arranged and the curl more *en evidence;* and still another for the evening, when relieved from the thraldom of the coat or cape collar, she will in all probability be glad to avail herself of the picturesque possibilities of a coiffure dressed low in the neck. Indeed, just how much the women of to-day owe to Art in the person of their coiffeur is a secret known only to themselves, their maids and the said coiffeur.

SUMMER WRAPPERS.

(Described on page 15.)

IN MOTHERLAND



TEACHING CHILDREN IN SUMMER.

TO let children run wild in Summer because they have been kept close during the other months of the year is by no means to afford them true recreation. Children are not happy in idleness, and their natural activity will find a vent in mischief if it is not turned to account. All the same, we want to remove all forced rules of work and "grind," and to avoid all that bears on the lines they are bound to follow in school. Put books away, right out of sight, except the few you may require occasionally for reference, and let the study be from the life—only it must be study, not mere amusement or satisfying of idle curiosity. There need be no committing to memory, and no trying to reproduce the statements of a book, but all around us, in the country or by the sea, we have an abundance of material available for investigation and examination.

The first question we want to settle is how to study, and the second is, "What helps can we take with us and use?"

To the second question we answer that our material will be the trees, stones, flowers, insects, birds, animals, and the skies during the day and at night, with the habits of the open-air life all round about us, we shall need just a few good books for reference, to confirm or correct our own observations by, but young children will also need some one to be with them to help and guide them. If a parent or friend cannot give the time and attention necessary, it will be well worth while to employ a holiday governess. The teacher need not be a specialist, but should be intelligent and companionable, in the sense of being herself alive to the pleasures of open-air life, and able to see and find things interesting to herself. Wherever there are several families of children living near together, one teacher might gather them all together for outdoor studies at regular hours of the day. A good plan would be to fix upon a regular morning walk, setting out with the definite aim of finding some particular thing, or to watch the ways of certain birds or insects, each one of the party being understood to be in competitive rivalry to the others, and bound to work on their own account, the teacher being the referee rather than the seeker. Later in the day the accumulated store of information could be gathered together, sorted out, compared, and a résumé in brief written down by each scholar under the teacher's eye. The great essential to success in any such study is that it be carried out with strict regularity and method, not just when and how the spirit may incline.

Among the kindergarten series of play-studies there is a game of botanical loto, and this affords excellent entertainment, which can be made all the more real when the actual flowers are found and recognized according to the colored pictures of them.

Each little student should be encouraged to form its own collection of specimens, botanical, geological, ornithological, or whatever else it may find to classify, and to arrange these in their proper order, some little reward being devised for the best exhibition. There are so many excellent text-books, both kindergarten and more advanced, published nowadays, that it is quite easy for the youngest to arrive at correct ways of arranging and disposing its little store.

Another form of study is manual work—that is, the making of various things. Basket-making and modelling can be done by the help of the kindergarten materials first, then from rushes and straws gathered from ponds and fields and by moist clay. Whittling and carving wooden animals and birds amuses boys for hours together, and, when sufficiently good, their productions could be utilized for nursery playthings.

An opera-glass and a microscope will afford great help, as well as instruction and amusement, in watching birds and insects, and a small telescope will be of much assistance in studying the stars. Many practical experiments could be tried out of doors, based on the principles of wireless telegraphy and telephony. The differences between the speed of sight and sound, how sounds carry, and the gauging of distances can all be watched for, and much learnt about them. Many localities have historical associations that should be looked up, and the stories connected with them learnt or written down.

The kind of study carried on in Summer time should form the very best preparation for Winter learning, because it should have developed a real understanding of principles and actualities. To be able to see a thing in its real proportions and values, and to understand something of its nature and kind, help instead of hinder the grasping of other purely book-studies. Moreover, the knowledge gained is a never-failing source of interest and remembrance, and it is the kind upon which the man and woman will be very glad to be able to draw in after-life.

On the other hand, to let children run wild and follow their own devices without guidance is often to let such an accumulation of rust gather as quite bars the way to progress for the first few weeks in school afterwards. If the faculties have not been kept bright, it is absolutely necessary to spend time in sharpening them up again before they can be put into workable condition. A great help in the keeping of order, where children are about all day, is to give them a room of their very own, and, if this room is out of doors, all the better. If possible to let them have their meals there, give them the charge of the table, expecting them to keep it properly laid, and also they may have some share given them with regard to its providing. Wherever practicable, children should be taught to wait on themselves, do for themselves, and keep order among their own belongings; to be self-helpful and self-reliant is one of the greatest principles of all education.

A little wise direction given to children's reading during the holidays will lead them into acquiring early an acquaintance with the best writers, both of fiction and of more serious subjects, whereas if allowed to run wild among printed matter, they may absorb a large amount of indigestible and unprofitable stuff, gaining more harm than good thereby.

. The best helps towards securing a profitable holiday time will be a good companion, some simple text-books and materials for play-study, and a supply of good books. With these all held in the keeping of real though kindly authority, there ought to be no rusting or idling, though there may be plenty of resting and playing.

* * *

FROM BABYHOOD TO CHILDHOOD.

I saw a sweet young mother stand
Where snow had drifted o'er the land.
A babe was lying on her breast,
Its fragile form
Against herself she fondly pressed
To keep it warm.

In later years I passed once more
And saw her at the cottage door;
A boy was lying on her knee,
Her look was grim,
And, suffering Joshua! how she
Was warming him!

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GIRLS' OUTING DRESSES.

(Described on page 15.)

DESCRIPTION OF PLATES.

(Continued from page 15.)

Fig. 481.—Frock of dotted lawn, trimmed with ruches. Tucked sleeves. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 482.—Frock of pale-green dimity. Yoke and lower parts of sleeves of white lawn. Berthe and skirt trimmed with taffeta straps. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 483.—Costume of blue mercerized gingham. Yoke and vest of white lawn. Dark-blue taffeta straps or braid. Skirt trimmed with two ruffles. Pattern, costume, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

GIRLS' SUMMER FROCKS.

(Illustrated on page 24.)

Fig. 484.—Frock of white lawn or batiste. Tops of sleeves and yoke tucked. Taffeta ribbon run through buttonholed straps. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 485.—Frock of old rose chambray. Tucked yoke and collar. Double berthe edged with braid. Skirt with box-plait effect. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 486.—Frock of dotted sateen, trimmed with fancy braid. Corsage tucked in yoke effect. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 487.—Frock of pale-pink mercerized gingham. Scalloped collar trimmed with braid. Similar garniture on skirt. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

GIRLS' LAWN AND ORGANDIE DRESSES.

(Illustrated on page 26.)

Fig. 488.—Frock of pale-blue organdie. Bolero of embroidery edged with tucked organdie straps. Berthe of tucked plain organdie. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 489.—Frock of pink mercerized lawn. Tucked waist trimmed with lace insertion. Vest latticed with narrow black velvet ribbon. Skirt trimmed with gathered ruffle headed with tucked band and lace insertion Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 490.—Frock of white organdie. Waist tucked in clusters. Tucked sleeves and yoke. Lace insertion. Sailor collar. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Fig. 491.—Frock of blue lawn. Waist trimmed in bolero effect with tucked lawn edged with ruching. Tucked yoke and collar. Skirt trimmed with three ruffles. Pattern, frock, 75 cents. Cut to measure, 25 cents extra.

Correspondence

FOR the interest and benefit of our readers we will devote such space as may be found necessary to questions and answers appertaining to *Dress, Dressmaking, Millinery, the Toilet, Toilet Articles and Society Customs*

SPECIAL NOTICE: Our readers are requested to send us suggestions or requests for fancy work that they would like illustrated and explained. All requests will receive attention as promptly as possible in our correspondence columns, and if sketches are sent us, drawings will be made and illustrated.

GENERAL RULES—The following rules must be complied with by correspondents, otherwise their letters cannot be attended to:

1st.—Questions upon different subjects to be written on separate sheets of paper; write plainly and on one side of sheet.

2d.—All letters must give name and address of the writer, *not for publication*, as we use the nom de plume or name you wish us to print with the answer to your questions. (Do not forget to write this under question.)

3d.—Questions relating to dress should give personal description as to age, height, blonde, or brunette.

4th.—Answers cannot be sent by mail unless return postage is enclosed.

Miss A. I. O., Ohio.—I. The proper time to be married when the bride wears a traveling suit is largely governed by the time she will leave on her wedding trip. It is always most fashionable to be married at high noon, but if the train schedule interferes, she will have to figure the time and make the hour according to that.

II. She may wear a hat but no jacket, unless it is a dressy one.

III. The color of a bride's traveling suit may be any of the modish tints that are becoming to her, only not black. A black wedding dress is out of the question. Light gray or tan Summer cloth combined with pale blue panne or taffeta, cream lace and narrow Persian embroidery would be very smart. If she prefers a simply made gown she will find two very pretty suits on page 19, April PICTORIAL, and if she likes a dressy tailor-made we would suggest Fig. E1, on pages 18-19, May PICTORIAL, to be made of pale gray Summer cloth, the trimming of tucked pale blue taffeta piped at the edges with the same shade of panne, or instead of panne a narrow Persian embroidery may be used. A handsome gold button is placed on each point of the collar. Another charming gown is Fig. E7, on the same pages. This could be made of tan cloth, the collar and extension vest pieces of the jacket of white peau de soie appliquéd with pale blue panne, the design outlined with gold soutache. Groups of tiny gold buttons trim both jacket and skirt. With either suit a white or cream silk waist trimmed with lace should be worn.

IV. White gloves of either dressed or suede leather with white stitching are worn. She may have a bridesmaid if she likes.

V. The attire for the groom is the same as at all day weddings—frock coat, light gray trousers, white tie and white gloves.

VI. When the bride is married in her traveling gown it is naturally supposed that she leaves very soon after the ceremony, sometimes even before refreshments are served, or if not, then directly after.

VII. A prayer book is usually carried with a traveling suit.

VIII. It is very much sweeter and prettier if the bride is married in a white gown, since we always associate brides with such a toilette, but a traveling suit is just as proper and in just as good taste, particularly when the bride has little or no opportunity to use a white satin or silk dress afterward. Surely if the bride has a limited income it is preferable to choose a traveling gown instead of a white one, which probably means unnecessary expense.

Miss S. D., New York.—The following is one of the best recipes for cucumber cream and all who have used it highly recommend it: Put six ounces of sweet almond oil into the inside receptacle of a custard boiler. Put as much water into the outside boiler as though you were about to make a custard. Set the two (one inside of the other) over the fire. Have ready four good-sized cucumbers. Wipe them carefully so that they are perfectly clean. Cut them into squares, two or three inches in size. Do not remove the peel. When the almond oil begins to warm, put the cucumbers in it. Set the custard boiler on the back of the stove and let the water merely simmer for four or five hours. Strain. To six ounces of the strained liquid add one ounce of white wax, one of spermaceti and two ounces of lanoline. Heat until the wax, spermaceti and lanoline have melted; then take off the fire and beat with an egg beater until cold, adding during the beating process two teaspoonfuls of tincture of benzoin. This will make a delicious cucumber cream if properly and carefully prepared.

It is not necessary to take the same amount of ingredients as the recipe calls for as they can be cut down to the quantity desired.

Mrs. E. T., San Francisco.—Rectified spirit of wine and vinegar form the principal ingredients of the toilet waters that are made to be added to the ordinary water used to wash the face and hands. In hot weather the bracing effect of a little toilet water on the skin is particularly comforting. The too frequent or too powerful use of vinegars of any sort on the skin is, however, apt to inflame it. Toilet vinegars should be charily used for toilet purposes. In moderation they are advisable, for they are refreshing, more cleansing even than soap, and have a tonic influence upon the skin that is very beneficial.

Mrs. Geo. D. M., Jersey City.—I. We hear a good deal from time to time about fruit being very fashionable as a millinery garniture, but the new models do not show it to any extent.

II. Ruffles are certain to be worn made of silk, esprit net, chiffon or mousseline de soie. They may be gathered or plaited and are sometimes wider at the back than at the sides and front.

III. The princess skirt is certainly fashionable, but it requires the very best and most expert dressmaking to give it the requisite chic and grace. The cut must be very exact to bring out the lines of the figure to perfection.

IV. Pastel shades are certainly very beautiful and are much worn, but very few would stand the sea air, and if you are going to be in and out of a yacht it would be wiser to have a dark blue or a white serge or mohair and a couple of linen dresses.

V. Fine organdy with a dainty flower pattern will be extensively worn, trimmed with a profusion of lace and narrow velvet ribbon. Some of the new sleeves have a puff at the elbow.

VI. At all swell watering places people are very elaborately dressed, but if you come from board a yacht you are always *en régle* wearing yachting gear.

Miss A. C., Minn.—To "massage" the face is only another term for rubbing. As a rule, the finger-tips are used for the purpose, but in some movements the ball of the hand is employed. If you wish to understand how to properly massage the face, take a few lessons from a professional facial masseuse.

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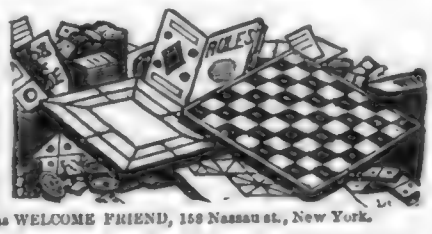

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MISSES' AND GIRLS' COSTUMES.

(Described on page 15.)

ACCEPTING AND DECLINING INVITATIONS.

IT would seem easy enough at the first glance to accept or decline an invitation when the mind is clearly made up as to the nature of the answer, whether it should be accepted or refused, and yet side issues often render what should be an easy task a somewhat perplexing one.

One of the doubtful points that call for consideration is whether an invitation should be accepted to an at-home, to a garden party or to a ball from a person who has not previously called upon those invited. This is one of the problems that sometimes have to be solved in country society. In town this social phase could not occur, as invitations, when sent to those unacquainted with the givers of these entertainments, are invariably sent by desire of some mutual friend, and as this is mentioned on the invitation cards it is considered all-sufficient without preliminary calls being made or expected. In the country this clause is not inserted because the invitation is made voluntarily. Under certain circumstances they may be the outcome of suggestions on the part of good-natured friends, but when this is so it does not transpire when they are issued, and thus they are sent by one who is a stranger to the recipients.

It is the exception and against the rule to send invitations without being acquainted with those invited, but in the case of a grand function, when the gathering is a large country one, newcomers who have not been called upon in due course are sometimes included among the invited guests. The question is, Ought such invitations be accepted or declined? There is a very natural desire not to be excluded from such gatherings to which the neighbors far and near are invited, but there is also a feeling of wounded dignity which prevents acceptance on the ground that the proper etiquette has not been observed in the matter of calling in the first instance. Broadly speaking, such invitations cannot be accepted, certainly not between equals who are in a position to be on calling terms with each other.

There are in many neighborhoods certain ladies who make a point of not calling upon any one during their stay in the country, meaning the neighbors in general, the exception being in favor of one or two intimate friends. Bar these, the country sees nothing of them. They annually give large garden parties or a ball now and then, to which more or less every one is bidden. The principal people in these neighborhoods have had once in a while cards left upon them, and they feel quite in the right in accepting invitations to these annual affairs.

When an invitation is declined on account of the giver not having previously called, the social position being of an equality, the note cannot be too brief, and "Mrs. Brown sincerely regrets that she is unable to accept Mrs. Stone's kind invitation for the 29th inst." is about all that need be said, and under such circumstances the non-acceptance of the invitation is fully explained by the giver not having first called and left cards. Mrs. Brown would not be required to leave cards after the event upon Mrs. Stone, and it would still rest with the latter to take the initiative with regard to leaving cards.

In accepting or refusing invitations there are certain forms in general use that are closely followed in most instances with but little variation, premising that when invitations are written in the first person the answers should always be conveyed in the first person, but when printed invitations are received and couched in the third person, as is the invariable rule, it is optional whether the replies are given in the first or third person, and this is applicable to all invitations conveyed by cards. Intimate friends and slight acquaintances alike are invited in this formal manner, but it does not follow that equally formal answers should be sent by the former, and therefore notes of acceptance or refusal to such invitations written in the first person are sent by friends, and notes in the third person by those less intimate.

In declining dinner invitations the usual formula is to plead a previous engagement, without mentioning its nature; but between people well acquainted it is usual to state the engagement, if possible, it being more complimentary and friendly so to do. "I am afraid I shall not be able to dine with you on the 15th, as I have," etc., is a very usual and friendly form of commencing a note of refusal, and further on in the note regret is expressed at this inability; while "I regret that a previous engagement will prevent my having the pleasure of dining with you on the 21st" is a formal manner of declining, and a very usual one.

* * *

CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss A. D., Conn.—It is always customary to give the bridesmaids and the best man presents, but the presents are given before the ceremony instead of after. The bride generally gives the presents to the bridesmaids, while the groom gives presents to the ushers and best man, but it is considered very graceful on the part of the bridegroom if he also bestows a present on the bridesmaids. Sending them bouquets is quite sufficient.

Mrs. L., St. Louis.—The rules as to calling after receptions are quite unsettled. The invitation to a reception demands a card at once, as does also an invitation to a series of days at home. But some people contend that the giver of a reception then should call, while, on the other hand, the old rule of calling whenever you are invited holds good. It would be better for you to leave your cards some time during the winter on all the people who invite you to teas or receptions. The fact of the bride not having called on you before her wedding does not amount to anything. Inviting you to the ceremony is paying you a compliment, which you must return by sending your cards to the sender of the invitation and also to the bride and groom. As a rule brides send out cards for a day or series of days at home, giving the new address, and until then it is not necessary to call, but it would be more courteous for you to call and leave cards upon whoever it was that sent you the invitation—that is, the one in whose name the invitation was sent out.

Guest.—It is not a question exactly of etiquette, but rather of how you feel towards the young people who are to be married. The fact of your not being invited to the house need not stand in the way of your sending a present if you wish to do so, because in many instances the invitations to the reception are obliged to be limited in number. It is not necessary to send a note of acceptance unless there is "R. S. V. P." on the invitation. In sending your card with the present all you have to do is to write "with best wishes" at the top of the card.

Edith M., Vt.—There is a question now in smart society on this very subject. In many houses there are no introductions, as the hostess takes it for granted that her friends are all acquainted with one another, and it certainly seems more hospitable when the hostess does introduce her guests, and it is her duty if she invites people to her house to do everything that lies in her power to make them enjoy themselves. It is never a good plan for a young gentleman to ask a young lady to whom he has not been introduced to dance, for, after all, it is a very simple matter for him to ask his hostess to introduce him, and then there is no awkwardness whatever. Like many other rules of etiquette, it is a mere matter of common sense that decides such a question as this. It must be understood that an introduction need not lead to an acquaintance after unless so desired.

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GIRLS' SUMMER FROCKS.

(Described on page 20.)

LETTERS FROM A WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

By Mrs. Humphry.

DEAR DAPHNE—I am sorry indeed that you have lost your friend, and in such a stupid way, too. She has taken offense at something and will give no explanation. And yet it seemed a true friendship—a very rare thing in a woman's life. I have sometimes thought that friendship seems to be dying out. One so seldom hears of a real, deep, true friendship, even among men. We all live at such a great rate that there seems to be no time for it. It is refreshing to remember Tennyson and Hallam, Charles Kingsley and Morris; and very possibly there are such close friendships as these, of which we shall hear later. But your friend could never have been worthy of the affection you gave her. If she had she would have given you a chance of explanation. Two men friends would never have parted in this way. There would have been a talk—very lively, probably—and then everything cleared up. But a woman takes offense at some imagined slight, resents it, and broods over it until it assumes large proportions, and talks over it with every one except the one person who could explain it in a word or two.

In that remarkable book, "The World's Blackmail," the authoress declares that there is no such thing as true friendship—the sort for which one craves—

"There is the friendship that pities; the friendship that admires."

Neither of these is very soul-satisfying, is it? And both are rather enervating. Our dearest friends often give us sweetest sympathy when a bitter tonic is our real need. The true, deep-hearted friend is not afraid to give the latter. But this involves an equally clear-sighted friendship on the other side. Otherwise there would be resentment and misunderstanding, chilling back the stream of pure kindliness and good-will, and eventually embittering the true friend.

Why don't you write and ask her to tell you frankly how you have been so unfortunate as to offend her? Beg of her to give you an opportunity of explaining. You can lose nothing by doing this, and it will be an excellent test of her friendship. If she should decline to explain, she is unworthy of another regret. You may then conclude that you have been dressing her up in the radiant garments of your own imaginings. But she will probably be only too glad to clear matters up, and you will find that some mischief-maker has been at work.

Friendships between men and women are not believed in by everybody; but they can and do exist, and are often delightful. The study of man's mind without the close relationship of marriage is deeply interesting to a woman. He has such a different point of view from hers upon almost everything, that it seems to turn a fresh light (for her) upon stale old topics. It is like going into a grotto with an electric light, which makes everything sparkle. And, no doubt, the point of view of an intelligent woman has its interest for a man, especially when it is illuminated by her liking for him. There is something totally different in that from the liking one has for a woman-friend. It partakes of the half-maternal sentiment that a girl-child begins with on her dolls and dispenses freely through the rest of her life. A man who brings his trouble and worries to a woman-friend finds that she searches out her best bits of wisdom for him. No need for her to do that for a woman-friend who goes for advice but never takes it. It is such exquisite flattery when any one accepts one's advice.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER

CONDUCTED BY MLLE. PRATIQUE.

A GIRL'S OUTING FROCK AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

ALMOST charming little frock is the subject of this month's dressmaking chat. Its simplicity and attractiveness will appeal to all mothers who wish to dress their little girls comfortably and tastefully on any little outing expeditions that they may wish to undertake. The simple way of fashioning renders laundering particularly easy. The waist blouses over the belt and is tucked in clusters, the right side lapping over and fastening first with invisible hooks and eyes and then with ornamental straps and buttons. The yoke is made of tucked lawn, also the collar, but can, of course, be developed of lace or any other suitable material; it is bordered with a berthe shaped something like a sailor collar and in each corner is an embroidered anchor done with colored silk. The sleeves have a cluster of tucks and are gathered into narrow cuffs, being the regulation bishop sleeve. The skirt is also tucked in clusters and springs out in a pretty fulness at the bottom. The dress may be developed of gingham, flannel, mohair or any fabric suitable for outing dresses.

Dia. I shows how the pattern is placed on the material.

To make the dress for a girl of ten years three and one-half yards of material thirty-six inches wide are required together with one-third yard tucked material for the yoke and collar and six buttons.

The material is doubled and spread out its entire length. The front edge of the right front is placed on the selvedge, but the left front is narrower owing to the right front lapping over. The clusters of perforations show where the material is to be tucked and the dotted lines under the arm and along the shoulder designate the seams. The pattern of the skirt is in two pieces, the center of the front being placed on the fold of the goods in order to avoid a seam, and the side seam of the side and back gore is placed on the selvedge, the center seam of the back being bias. The clusters of perforations show where the tucks are to come. The two large dots in each part of the skirt pattern show which seams are to be joined.

The center of the back is placed on the fold of the goods, avoiding a seam, and is tucked according to the perforations. The lower edge of the sailor collar is put on the selvedge and the two parts that form the collar are joined with the center back seam. The sleeves are placed as per diagram, the dotted lines showing where the seams are allowed. After the sleeve-band is cut out the sleeve is gathered into the band and may be fastened with a button or invisible hooks and eyes. After the shaped pieces

Fig. 476.

that border the yoke are cut out they are joined according to the single large perforation and stitched the required number of times.

After the left and right front and back are cut out the seams are joined and the sleeve basted in. Then the waist is tried on and if all alterations have been made the sleeves are sewed in and the seams finished with overcasting. It is not necessary to bind the seams of wash goods.

No allowance has been made for the yoke, it remaining optional as to what material should be used, either fancy yoking, tucked lawn, lace, embroidery or whatever may be preferred.

After the skirt has been cut out and tucked the bottom is finished with a simple hem and it is then joined to the waist. The belt may be of the same or contrasting material, or instead of a shaped belt a ribbon sash may be preferred. The narrow straps are of stitched material and are entirely ornamental, each strap being fastened with a button at each end. The sailor collar may be of the same or of contrasting material, and if of the latter it is embroidered with a small anchor or some other nautical design; for instance, a pair of oars, in each corner.

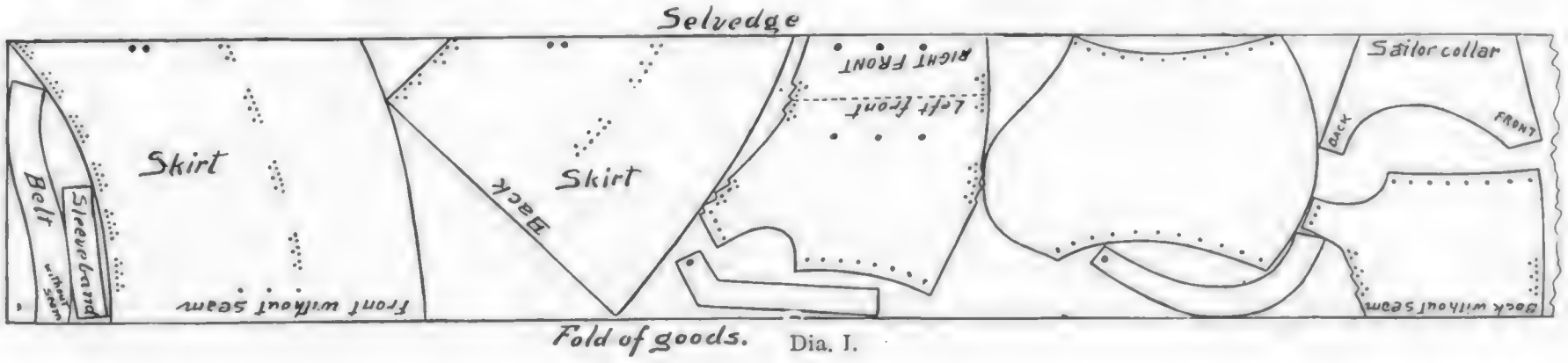
FINISHING EDGES.

The finishing of the edges is one of the most important details of a garment. No matter how precise and neat the other parts may be, the garment will lose much of its elegance by having poorly finished edges.

Garments that are to close with buttons and buttonholes usually have a one and a half inch hem allowed on the front edges when cutting out; that is, if the edges are straight. If the edges are curved a half-inch seam only is allowed. Run a basting thread through both closing edges as a guide to work by. On fronts having a straight edge turn over the hem of the right side, baste to position and press. The opposite side is then reinforced underneath along the line of basting with tape on which the buttons are sewed. This must be left quite loose. It can be stitched on with the machine or it may be basted and then fastened with the sewing on of buttons. Some seamstresses prefer to take up a small tuck on the wrong side of the hem and stitch it right along the line of basting. This tuck then forms a stay for the buttons.

The edges of the hems, being usually a selvedge, do not require finishing. But in case they do have a raw edge they are finished with binding or pinking or both edges are turned to face each other and sewed together with overhand stitches.

To finish the curved edges cut a strip of bias canvas a little wider than the width of the button; baste this on the lining side of the right side with its edge just touching that line of the garment which is to form the closing edge. Baste the material over from the right side to the canvas and fasten down with cat-stitches. The inside edge of the canvas is then sewed to the lining and a bias facing wide enough to cover the canvas is felled or slip-stitched against it, care being taken not to draw it.



Dia. I.

GIRLS' LAWN AND ORGANDIE DRESSES.

(Described on page 20.)

THE APPLE OF PARIS

SUNBURN AND FRECKLES.

THOSE arch enemies of a fair skin, sunburn and freckles, are the two foes to be most fought against during the Summer months. They are most troublesome at the seaside, because the sea air, largely impregnated with salt, has an irritating effect upon skin which is liable to easily burn or blister when exposed to the rays of the Summer sun. Those whose skins have a tendency to tan or freckle quickly should adopt white clothing and white veils, as this will largely counteract the effect of the sun. Soft water should always be used for washing the face. This is easily obtainable by putting a little borax into the water.

Those who live in the country, and can get plenty of buttermilk, are fortunate, for as a preventative of sunburn and freckles there is nothing more efficacious than this simple, old-fashioned cosmetic. It keeps the skin fair and soft in texture, and is admirable as a skin wash for children, who, whether paddling at the seaside or running about the fields, expose their tender skin to the direct rays of the sun, to its detriment and injury. It is really pitiful to see children crying from the painful effects of blistered skins when a little care on the part of parents or nurses would have circumvented such troubles.

Rubbing the face over with slices of freshly-cut cucumber after washing every morning, or bathing it night and morning with strained barley water or parsley lotion, are methods which were employed by our grandmothers for preserving the beauty of their complexions during the Summer months. Parsley lotion is made by taking a handful of freshly-picked parsley and pouring over it a pint of boiling water. Allow this to infuse in a covered vessel, and when it has become quite cold it may be strained and applied to the skin.

Lait Virginal is a good preventative wash for freckles and sunburn. To a pint of rose, orange flower or elder flower water add, drop by drop, stirring all the time, half an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin (be careful to use the simple tincture, as compound tincture of benzoin is an entirely different thing). Apply to the face with a sponge or a soft linen cloth. Washing the face in oatmeal water may also be recommended. Pour a pint of boiling water on three tablespoonfuls of toilet oatmeal, tying the oatmeal up in a rag before pouring the water on it. Allow this to cool and use as a wash for the face, neck, throat, arms and hands.

When the skin has been allowed to become much burned by the sun, bathe it twice a day with a lotion composed of: Rose-water, six ounces; glycerine, half an ounce; cherry-laurel-water, two and a half drachms; simple tincture of benzoin, two drachms; borax, half a drachm. Another good sedative and cooling wash is made from oxide of zinc, two drachms; pure glycerine, four drachms; rose-water, two ounces. Shake before using. If the skin burns and smarts very much, and shows a tendency to blister, apply a quince seed lotion twice a day. Here is an excellent recipe: Quince seed, two drachms; glycerine, two drachms; distilled extract of witch-hazel, eight ounces; rectified spirit, half an ounce; borax, three grains. Mix the glycerine, quince seed, and the extract, and let it stand, with frequent agitation, for twelve hours; then strain, and add the borax dissolved in a small quantity of water. Add the alcohol gradually.

Chronic, or what are called "cold" freckles, cannot be removed by the application of lotions. Freckles which appear only in the Summer months may be remedied by such a lotion as the following: Sulphocarbolate of zinc, two parts; glycerine, twenty-five parts; eau-de-Cologne, five parts; rose-water, twenty-five parts. An ointment for the removal of Summer freckles is composed of levigated sulphate of zinc, twenty grains; elder-flower ointment, one ounce. Mix well in a mortar.

Hands which have become brown or red through exposure to the sun may be treated by washing in the oatmeal-water above described, and then rub over night and morning with this cream: Simple tincture of benzoin, one drachm; pure glycerine, a quarter of an ounce; oil of almonds, a quarter of an ounce; benzoated lard, one and a half ounces. Melt the lard by aid of gentle heat over a water-bath, and add the oil; mix the glycerine and tincture, and thoroughly incorporate it in the oily solution. An excellent Oriental almond paste for the hands may be made as follows: Take peeled bitter almonds, six ounces; rice flour, three and a half ounces; bean flower, one and a half ounces; fine orris powder, half an ounce; pulverized carbonate potassa, two drachms; alcoholic essence of jasmine, one and a half ounce; essential oil of rhodium, one drop; oil of neroli, one drop. Powder the almonds, and to prevent the separation of the oil add a little water during the trituration. The almonds being reduced to a homogeneous mass, mix the rice and bean flours and powdered orris. Rub up well until the mixture is uniform. Dissolve the carbonate of potassa in a little water, add to the mass, a little at a time, then add the jasmine and the essential oils, previously mixed and well shaken together. If there is not enough liquid to make the paste of proper consistence, add a sufficient quantity of rose-water.

"Of all the aids to amateur manicuring," said a woman, "none is more valuable than a bit of lemon. I always keep a morsel on my toilet table and find it indispensable. Unlike any other acid, it bleaches without hurting the skin as it brings out any native rosiness in the nails without hardening or coarsening them. Scrubbing and soap and hot water and final polish are all very well; for truly dainty finger tips apply your lemon. I know a number of estimable women who candidly confess that they find it hard to keep their hands clean—particularly in cold weather. Let them try the magic that lies in a bit of lemon and they'll have no further trouble."

VEGETABLES AS MEDICINE.

Asparagus is very cooling and is easily digested.

Cabbage, cauliflower and Brussels sprouts are cooling, nutritive, laxative, and purifying to the blood, and also act as a tonic, but should not be eaten too freely by delicate persons.

Celery is delicious cooked, and good for rheumatic and gouty people.

Lettuces are very wholesome. They are slightly narcotic, and lull and calm the mind.

Spinach is particularly good for rheumatism and gout, and also in kidney diseases.

Onions are good for chest ailments and colds, but do not agree with all.

Water cresses are excellent tonic, stomachic and cooling.

Beet root is very cooling and highly nutritious, owing to the amount of sugar it contains.

Parsley is cooling and purifying.

Turnip tops are invaluable when young and tender.

Potatoes, parsnips, carrots, turnips and artichokes are highly nutritious, but not so digestible as some vegetables. Potatoes are the most nourishing and are fattening for nervous people.

Tomatoes are health-giving and purifying, either eaten raw or cooked.

Chili, cayenne, horseradish and mustard should be used sparingly. They give a zest to the appetite, and are valuable stomachics. Radishes are the same, but are indigestible, and should not be eaten by delicate people.

Cucumbers are cooling, but are indigestible to many.

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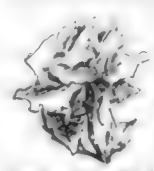

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RIBBON EMBROIDERY.

THE most fascinating fancy work of the season is, without doubt, ribbon embroidery. One sees it in a great variety at all the good shops.

There are several varieties, from the finest work, in which very tiny ribbons are used, to the much bolder style, for which ribbons nearly half an inch wide are employed. The ribbons themselves differ, too, for in some cases they are entirely of one color, and the effect of shading is produced by using different ribbons, while in other designs ribbons which are themselves shaded are introduced, the shading going across the ribbon, one edge of which is of the palest tint, while the other is far deeper in tone.

The fine ribbon embroidery has long ago been described in these pages, but a few words on the

No. 1.

subject of this—the prettiest—variety may not be inappropriate here.

It was originally introduced about the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was much used, in conjunction with gold embroidery, to decorate the Court dresses of the *grandes dames* of that period, and was not infrequently seen upon the satin and velvet coats of the gallant squires who attended them. Specimens of these gorgeous garments may still be found in many museums, or laid up in lavender in the oak chests and presses of old family mansions.

An adaptation of this old-world form of stitchery appeared in a few shops some eight or ten years ago, but the materials were at first expensive, and the work required too much care to become generally popular. However, there were (and still are) many neat-fingered workers who appreciated the beauty of the small designs, and felt that the finished effect amply repaid them for their time and trouble.

The designs for this variety consist principally of baskets or cornucopia, from which showers of tiny blossoms are scattered across the foundation material, each little petal of the flowers being made by one stitch of the narrow ribbon.

Festoons and flots of ribbon, with bows and Cupid's darts, are often introduced, fine embroidery stitches being worked in filoselle for the portions where the ribbons could not be used.

Gold thread is frequently employed, especially for the gracefully shaped baskets, which are generally worked in "basket-stitch." This finer variety is usually worked upon silk, satin or moiré silk, and filofloss, arrasene, and even spangles are sometimes introduced; in fact, anything which is likely to enhance the general effect when finished seems permissible in the more modern specimens.

In the bolder variety of ribbon work (for which the wider ribbons have been specially manufactured), the designs are traced upon the foundation in a series of small lines, and all that is required is to cover each of these lines with one stitch of the ribbon.

But, simple as the work appears, it is one of those varieties of stitchery which are better understood after being seen, and therefore I should advise those of my readers who are wish-

No. 2.

ful of trying it to send for a commenced piece first, as a piece of material traced for working gives very little idea of "how it's done."

I hope that the two slight sketches, Nos. 1 and 2, will in some measure illustrate my meaning, for the mysterious scratches shown in No. 1 would convey very little suggestion of the spray of jasmine which, when worked, it was intended to represent, and yet, if any one will take the trouble to compare No. 1 with No. 2, they will see that each straight stroke represents either a petal or a leaf, and consequently indicates the position of one ribbon-stitch.

Various colored ribbons are used for the blossoms, and shades of green and russet-brown for the foliage, the stems being generally worked in "stem-stitch" with filoselle. The foundation may be of almost any material, from an exquisite satin to the more humble, yet often equally effective art linen.

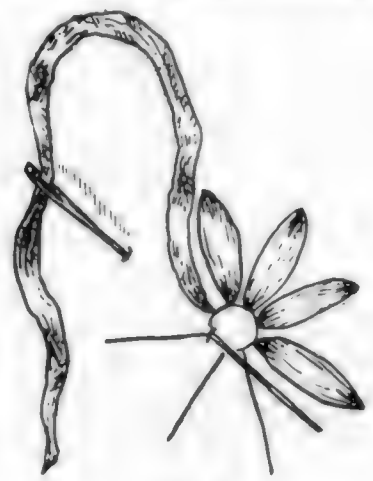
This new ribbon work need not be at all expensive, for, when once the idea is grasped, very little practice is required to twist and turn the ribbons so that, with a judicious stitch here and there, they may be made to represent almost any shaped petal.

I may mention here that violets, sweet-peas, laburnum, wisteria and marguerites, or any six or eight petaled flower, such as is shown in No. 3, are among the most simple to arrange, but in some cases, such as the violet, when the foliage cannot be represented by the ribbon-stitches, ordinary embroidery silks and stitches should be employed.

A large-sized chenille needle will usually carry the ribbon, and this latter can now be purchased by the yard at most fancy-work shops.

No. 3.

The method of working is clearly shown in No. 4, where an eight-petaled flower is given in the process of working. Four petals are already completed, and the fifth is being worked. In drawing the ribbon through, care must be taken that it does not twist, and, if necessary, the forefinger of the left hand must be inserted between it and the material. The needle (as shown in No. 4), when drawn out, will be in the correct position for making the next petal, and will pass on again in an exactly similar manner to the next. When the petals are all completed, the ribbon is cut, and neatly fastened off at the back.



No. 4.

The centers are usually filled in with one large or a cluster of small French knots, the number, of course, depending on the size of the blossom.

The leaves are worked in the same manner as the petals, only for single leaves the ribbon must be cut off after making each leaf, and the ends secured by a few firm stitches of silk.

LADIES, GIRLS everywhere. We teach you how to make envelopes; we also furnish good paying work. $5.00 weekly easily earned during spare time; no money required. Hundreds of workers now employed. Send addressed envelope for instructions. Binns Company, Dept. 101, Box 1600, Philadelphia. **Earn Money**

SPECIAL NOTICE

Owing to the unprecedented success and enthusiasm that Pictorial Review has met with in Advertising, Home and Fashion circles, the Publishers have decided to add EIGHT PAGES, commencing with the September number. With this same number the date of issue will be changed from the 15th to the 1st of each month. The September number will be published on the 1st of August, one month in advance of date.

THE AMERICAN FASHION CO., Inc.,

has decided to introduce a

Designers' Directory

for the mutual benefit of manufacturers and designers, in which the names of designers who are in want of a position will be inserted, and a manufacturer requiring a designer will usually find one to satisfy him here. We will in this way be able to serve you both. There will be no charge of any kind for this service—our aim being to make friends and keep them. We want your good will and hope you will take advantage of the opportunity offered.

Very sincerely,

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The House Wife

TEMPTING SALADS.

NOW is the day and the power of the salad. At breakfast its rich freshness tempts the flagging appetite. At luncheon it forms almost the piece de resistance of the meal. At dinner it equals a sorbet as a "life-saving station."

To many people the salad means only chicken or lobster salad, and, of course, lettuce. They have no conception of the infinite variety of salads that are within the reach of the most economical housekeeper.

The woman who bestows a little study upon the manufacture of salads will find them invaluable aids in hot-weather housekeeping. Especially are they a boon for luncheon or for tea. They are easily prepared, their cost is small, they require little or no cooking, and they are popular with nearly every one.

Another great recommendation for salads is that they supply excellent methods of using up odds and ends. The saucerful of cooked beans or peas left from yesterday's dinner; the cold boiled beets, onions or potatoes; the few slices of cold lamb, veal, beef or chicken; the left-over boiled or broiled fish, all have their uses in a salad.

Canned salmon, chicken or turkey; eggs, cheese, sardines, as well as freshly-cooked shellfish or poultry, may be used in salads, and in the absence of the latter are by no means to be despised.

The only item of expense worth considering in making salads is the oil. You cannot make a good dressing with poor oil, and cheap oil is invariably poor. If the pure olive oil, or what passes for such, is bought by the quantity, there is an appreciable saving in the price. You can buy a can holding an amount equal to the contents of six alleged quart bottles for the price you would pay for four of these same bottles.

Wholesale liquor dealers and importers sometimes sell good oil at even more reasonable rates than these. Oil purchased in quantities like this must, of course, be kept in a cool place.

The first thing to be learned in making salads is the secret of a good mayonnaise.

This dressing is frequently looked upon with awe by the inexperienced, but it is a very simple matter to make it.

Provide yourself with good eggs, good oil and sharp vinegar. Place the eggs and oil and the plate and fork for mixing on the ice at least an hour before you wish to use them. If the weather is warm, the process of mixing will be accelerated if you set the plate in which you make the dressing upon the ice while you are at work.

Break an egg carefully and drain all the white from it. Drop the yolk into a soup plate and squeeze over it the juice of half a lemon. Add to this a half saltspoonful of dry mustard, a saltspoonful of salt, and a dash of red pepper, or a half saltspoonful of white pepper.

Stir these togther with a fork and add to them two or three drops of oil. A few strokes of the fork will blend this with the egg, and three or four more drops may be added. Continue dropping the oil, stirring steadily—not beating—and taking pains to mix in each instalment of oil before adding another.

In a few minutes the dressing will begin to thicken and then the oil may be added more rapidly. When it is very thick add enough vinegar to thin it, and then return to the oil, alternating that with the vinegar until the desired consistency—about that of a very rich double cream—is reached. The mayonnaise will thicken a little after it is made. Just before serving add to it the white of an egg, whipped to a stiff froth.

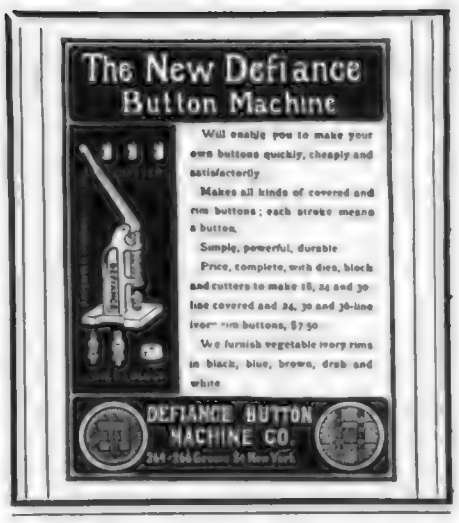
A pint of oil may be used to every egg, and vinegar added at discretion.

Should the dressing play you the shabby trick or refusing to thicken, or of curdling when half made, set it aside and begin your mayonnaise again with a fresh egg. When the dressing is thick you can stir in the curdled or thin dressing, a little at a time, with no ill result.

If the ingredients are fresh and they and the utensils are thoroughly chilled, you should have no difficulty with your mayonnaise.

Better than mayonnaise for lettuce, cucumbers, endive or chickory is the simpler French dressing. It is also excellent for sliced tomatoes.

This is made at the table, and consists simply of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper. Put into the salad spoon, held over the salad, a saltspoonful of salt, about one-third as much black or white pepper, and fill the spoon with oil. Mix these in the spoon and pour them on the salad; fill the spoon three times more with oil, and twice with vinegar. Pour upon the salad, turn and toss it until thoroughly mixed, and serve at once.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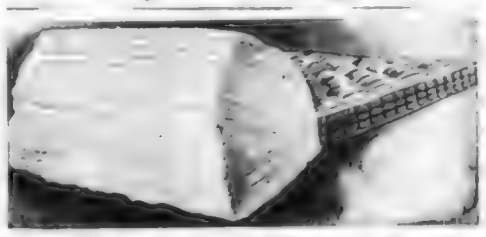

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THOSE TERRIBLE SERVANTS.

WE told our friends we were going to take a flat and do without servants, in order to save worry and to insure comfort and cleanliness.

It was not true.

We intended to do without servants because we had not sufficient income to pay for those useful and much abused household utensils. True we thought it would be rather fun (we were newly married). A small cosy flat all to ourselves! to cook and scrub and polish—how clean everything would be! how quiet and restful we should feel.

Of course, we told our relations and intimate friends the secret. They said they envied us—and smiled.

We smiled also; we began to pity them—drawing checks for innumerable charities, dismissing servants and vainly hunting for cooks and housemaids, being cheated by tradespeople and robbed by butlers.

There would be no one to rob us, no one to cheat us, no one to ask us to draw checks (we hadn't a check book).

When we entered the flat a man came with a gas stove, which he dropped in the kitchen, and tried to tell us how to use it without blowing ourselves up; another man came to explain the working of the electric light, and advised us to post a card to the company if anything went wrong; we have been posting cards and buying candles ever since.

But the gas stove was really exciting.

Directly the man had gone Maud suggested hot cakes for tea; we had promised to go out to tea, but the prospect of making our own hot cakes was alluring—so we lit the stove.

Unfortunately we lit the whole stove at once, which nearly blew the roof away and hurt us severely; we discovered we had turned the wrong tap.

When we had recovered and put the kitchen straight, we turned the right tap, and put the cookery book, some flour and a few currants on the kitchen table.

The woman who wrote that cookery book must have kept a large cow and poultry farm; she never condescended to use less than a dozen eggs and a pound of butter in every recipe.

As we wanted to really cook properly, I ordered sufficient butter and eggs and cream to stock a small shop.

We began to make the cakes for tea about four o'clock; according to the book the time necessary was "ten minutes in a quick oven." I think our oven was slow, or the eggs were tired, or something, because it was eight o'clock before we proudly took from the oven three rather yellow, shapeless objects, which smelt and felt strongly like putty.

Reverently we laid them in a dish and bore them to our sitting-room.

Then we remembered we had forgotten to make the tea. We looked at the clock—and at the cakes—and decided it was really supper time—so we put the three orphans away until next day, and made a good square meal off the cold chicken my sister had thoughtfully sent us.

Then we went to bed.

Getting up the next morning was not so easy.

Nobody called us—and when I grumblingly complained that there was no shaving water outside the door it was nearly ten o'clock.

Of course, we quickly awoke—and remembered; and we gleefully ran into the kitchen to boil the water for the bath.

Egg-shells!—egg-shells and half-baked dough met us everywhere; it is really wonderful how dough manages to spread itself over a small kitchen; it had even reached the ceiling. While I picked the dough off, and the egg-shells up, Maud boiled the bath water. I expect water takes longer to boil in the morning than later in the day, so before having my bath I commenced to dust and sweep.

Dusting would be fairly easy—if glass, pictures and ornaments did not evince such an absurd desire to tumble down.

Sweeping is delusive—or rather the dust is. There was plenty of it, and I chased it round the room with a large broom for half an hour—then I sat on the floor and thought.

If I swept the dust out of one corner it as quickly settled in another; as soon as it was off the carpet, it grinned at me from the polished boards round the walls. I no sooner hounded it away from there, than it crept up to the door and over the chairs.

Maud suggested that I should get a dust pan and sweep it into that; so after half an hour's coaxing I really thought I had enticed every atom of dust that existed into that pan.

But I hadn't.

All the ornaments and pictures and tables that I had carefully rubbed in the early part of the morning were now rapidly becoming hidden beneath a pale gray covering, interlarded with blacks.

I gave it up then, sprinkled a little water about and had a badly needed tub.

Meanwhile Maud struggled with the breakfast.

When I asked her how she was getting on she complained because she hadn't half a dozen pairs of hands, and everything on the gas stove boiled and fried at the same time.

Certainly there was a great deal of noise and smell proceeding from the kitchen.

I don't know what we had for breakfast. I saw bacon put in the frying-pan; bacon did not come out of it.

Still, as Maud refrained from grumbling about the dust, I said nothing about what we tried to eat. I couldn't help noticing her nose was black and her hands red, which made her cross, and finally we quarreled over making the beds; women do such a lot of fancy work with the sheets and pillows when they make a bed, which a man doesn't understand. I left her playing with the bolster and tried to wash up the breakfast things.

It was twelve-thirty; at this rate we should lunch about five.

I tried to wash up.

I washed the cups, I washed the saucers; but the plates and knives and forks were greasy and would not wash; my experience with the dust had taught me a lesson; I knew if I took the grease off the plates it would slide into something else, so I left it alone and put the things away as they were.

I tried to find a peaceful corner for a rest and a cigarette. It was no good. There are no peaceful corners in a servantless flat.

Crooked pictures, misplaced chairs, dirty windows or dusty china continually required attention, until, in desperation, I returned to the kitchen and Maud. She was vainly striving to hang a shoulder of lamb in the gas stove. I offered to do it for her—though I did not know how—with the result that the unoffending lamb was considerably anathematized before it was hanged.

We were both hungry. We had done a large amount of work—though there was not much result to show—we had practically had no breakfast, though we were too proud to own it—and now, in the depth of our hearts, we trembled lest any evil befel our dinner (politely called "lunch").

It is a terrible thing to feel all your hopes (and all your dinner) centered in the oven of a strange gas stove. It is a terribe thing for a hungry man to sit outside a gas stove and wonder what is happening within—not daring to open the oven door to see how matters progress.

Time crawls—is it cooking too fast?—is it cooking too slow?

We wondered. When suddenly from the hidden recesses of the gassy monster came a crash, and with white faces we pulled open the oven door—there lay our lamb, fallen from its hook, the gas jets licking its fat sides and frizzling its bone.

"Pick it up!" shrieked Maud.

"Give me a pair of tongs!" I yelled.

We saved it, a greasy island surrounded by charred bones. We were greasy, too.

Again we suspended it and closed the oven door, agreeing not to watch or wait in the kitchen any longer. "The stove may object to being stared at," Maud suggested. So we took a tin of biscuits into the drawing-room, and talked in whispers. We tried not to think about the lamb. We talked of anything but food; but at every sound we started, our nostrils furtively sniffed the air and our ears anxiously listened for a splutter.

At two o'clock we began to dust again—all the dust I had taken away in the morning had come back and settled down comfortably in its old quarters.

At three o'clock Maud looked at me; I looked at Maud; we marched into the kitchen, opened the oven door and took out our roast shoulder of lamb.

I said we took it out; to be correct, we snatched it out. It had grown perceptibly smaller since the morning; all the meat portion had melted into fat, and was frizzling in the pan beneath; all the rest was bone and charred remnants.

We affectionately put it on its last resting place and contemplated it with hungry eyes.

"It doesn't look so—very—bad," said Maud.

I lifted up the frizzling fat.

"Shall I pour this over it?"

Maud looked doubtful. "I don't know—what *does* one do with mutton fat?"

"It smells rather funny—isn't it used to fry things in?"

Maud shook her head.

"I don't know *what* one does with mutton fat," she repeated. "We had better throw it away."

There was nowhere to throw it; we searched everywhere. Hot fat is so peculiar.

In desperation I threw it down the sink; there was a little hiss, a little gurgle—and the sink and the pipe were covered by a solid mass of frozen fat.

That fat refused to go away; I suppose it really ought to have remained with the shoulder of lamb; I took it up with the carving knife; I drowned it in water; I tried to re-melt it—no good; it just floated round or settled down in huge greasy blocks and refused to budge.

Maud was meanwhile getting angry because I did not carve the lamb. I left the fat and cut the joint—or rather broke bits off it. Out of respect to the butcher we looked at the bits for a few minutes, then I fetched a tin of tongue from the store cupboard.

Maud held the tin while I hammered the tin opener into it; when the opener broke I hammered nails round the side. Maud grew tired presently and went to bed. I sat on the floor and struggled with that tin; I hammered two dozen nails into it, but the top wouldn't come off. I jumped on it, I kicked it, I fought with it desperately, ravenously—then I threw it out of the window.

* * * * * * * * *

When Maud was dressed we wrote a letter to the local charwoman asking her to come and clean our flat, then we called a cab and drove to the Savoy Hotel.

We wanted food and rest.

And we want some servants—terrible or otherwise; the latter preferred.

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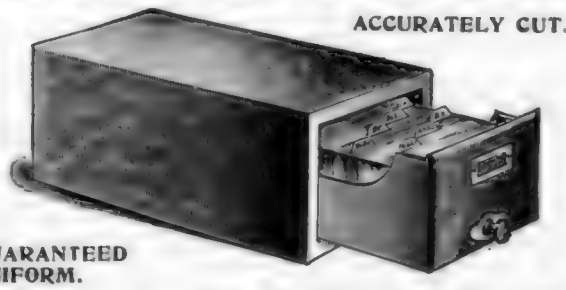

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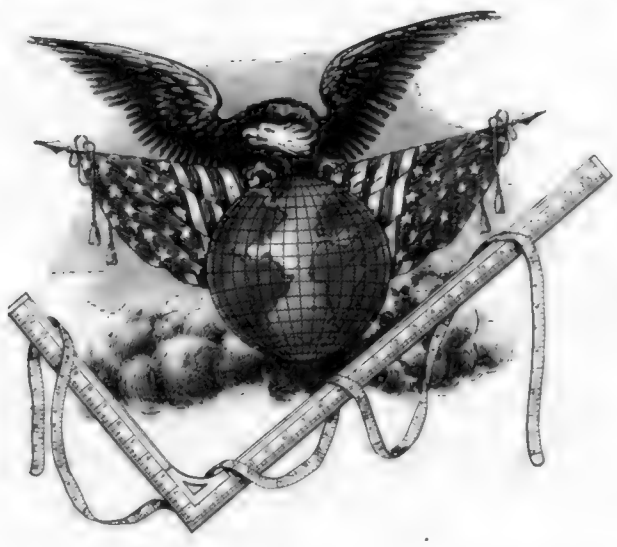

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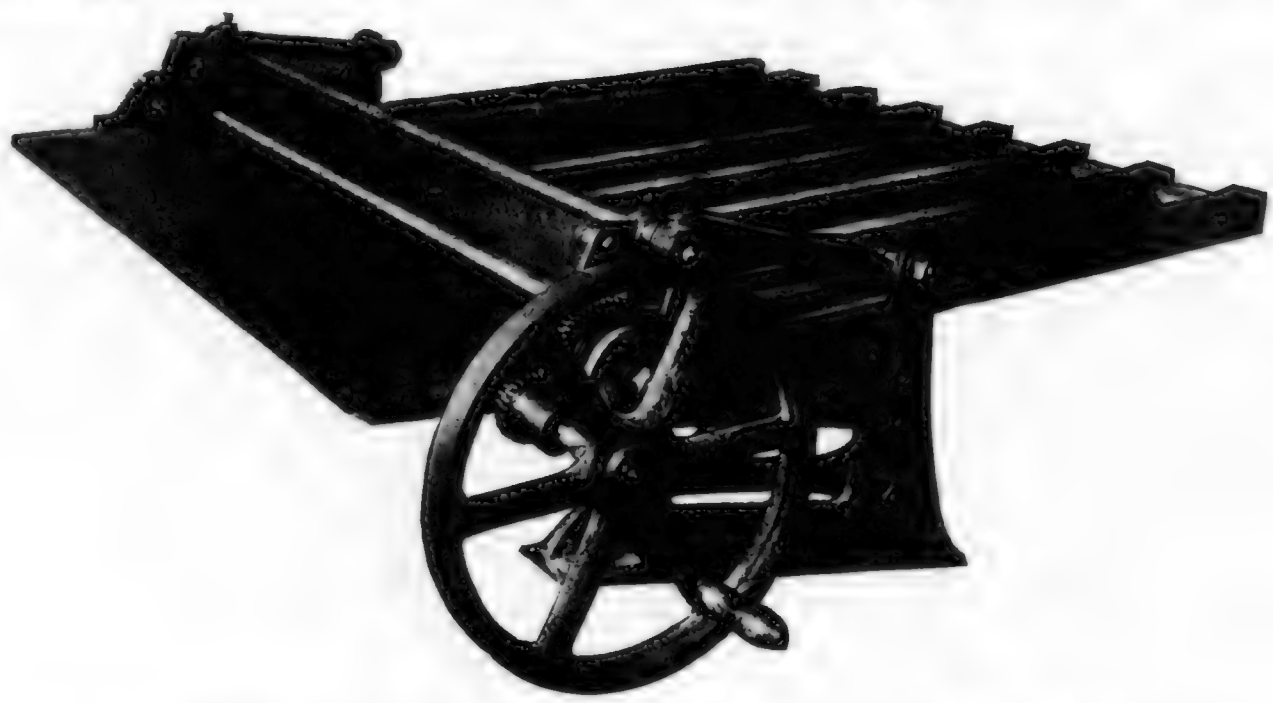

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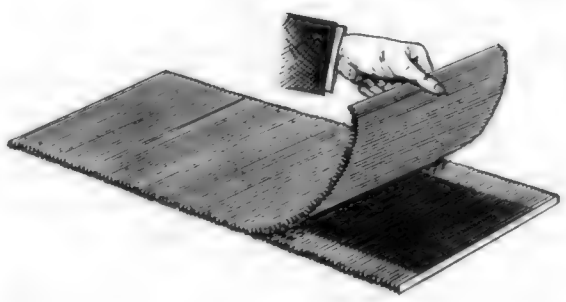

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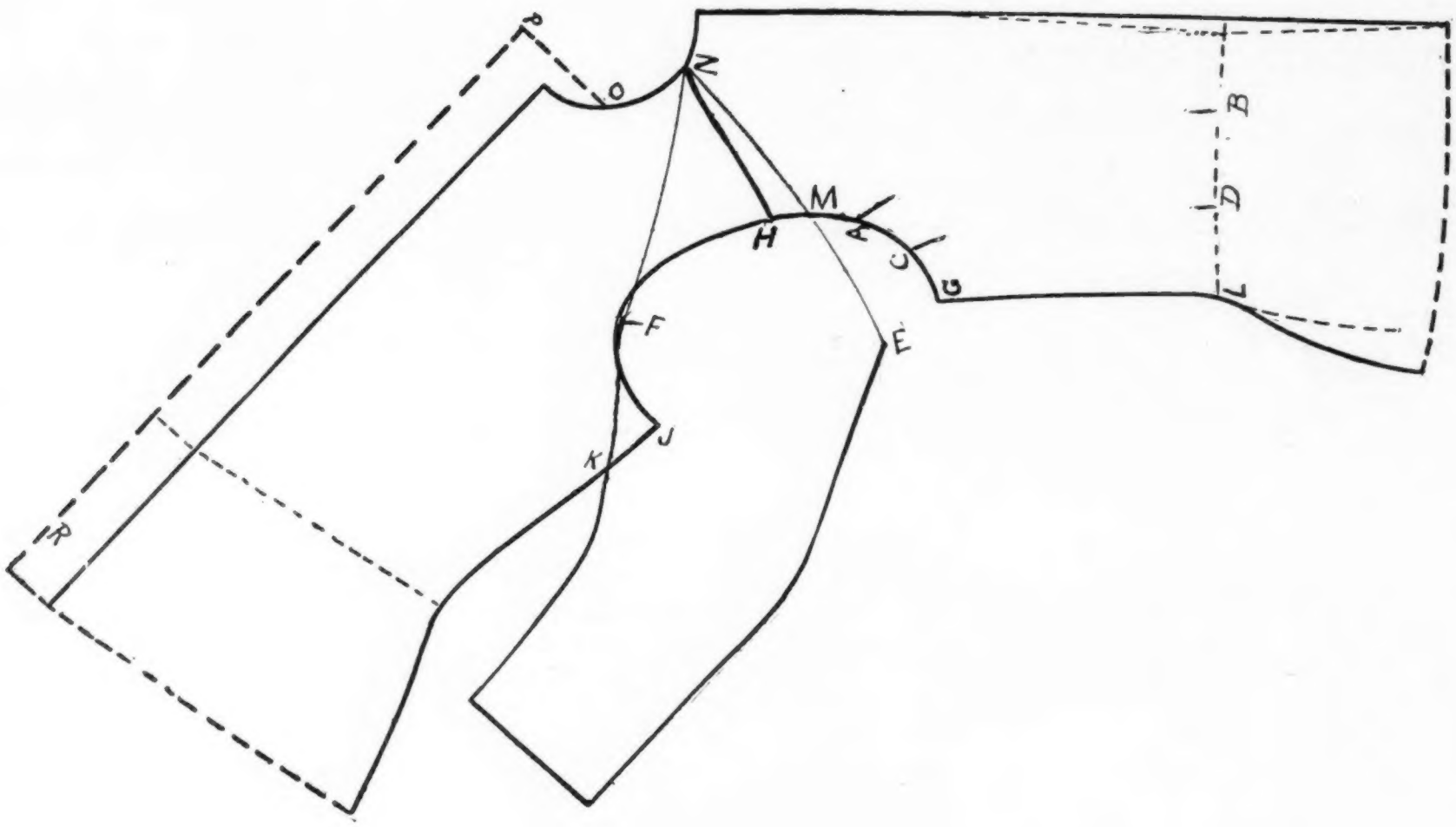

To draft this style shirt-waist and sleeve with the McDowell System, you set the machine in the regular way, to the customer's measure. Then, before drafting any part of it, we will make a few changes. On the Front Piece we usually make the darts a little smaller; this is done by simply moving in the 12th screw about two sizes; that is, if the screw is set at 10, we move it in to 8, using the upper row of figures, on the scale marked W on the new machine. Next we change the armhole on the Sleeve. It is necessary to have the sleeve a little smaller at the armhole to take out the fullness and make it fit plain. This is done by setting the three different screws at the armhole two sizes smaller; that is, if the armhole measure is 15 inches, we set the *first three screws* at Armhole at 13. This takes out the fullness and makes the sleeve fit plain at the shoulder.

Have the round top screws on the Sleeve set on 1 at hand; 2 at elbow; and 5 at armhole. These are all the changes we make on the Machine.

To draft the Waist we begin with the Back and place the sewing line at the neck, and the sewing line at the waist line on the edge of the paper—as it will be necessary to draft a paper pattern for this particular style—and mark the sewing lines of the Neck, Shoulder, Armhole, and waist line; do not mark the circle seam, only mark where it would come, as shown at A at armhole and B at waist line.

To draft the Sidebody, place it so the sewing line of the circle seam at armhole meets the circle seam on the back at A; stand your pencil in the corner at A and move the Sidebody over until the sewing line at the waist line meets the sewing line at B. You will notice the waist lines will not quite meet; loosen the screw on the circle seam aud pull it down until the waist lines meet. Mark the sewing line at armhole and at waist line, then mark where the sewing line of the underarm seam would come as shown at C and D.

The Underarm Piece is placed on the draft so the sewing line on the right side will meet the sewing lines at C and D.

Keep the sewing line at the armhole the proper shape; the waist line will not quite meet; draft the armhole and the underarm seam, then stand your pencil in the corner at L and swing the machine around until the waist line meets at D, then mark the waist line and mark from L down the length you want the waist. This gives it more spring for over the Hip.

The Front is drafted by placing it so the sewing line at the neck and shoulder meet the sewing line of the Back shoulder at N and at H. You will notice the Front Shoulder seam is a little shorter than the Back; loosen the shoulder screw and move it back until the sewing line of the armhole meets the sewing line of the back at H, then draft the sewing line of the neck and underarm seams, also the armhole, waist line and fold line. The goods we leave in the darts is to be gathered in at the Waist line for fullness.

To draft the Sleeve, we place the machine on the draft so the screw at the highest part of the sleeve, or the first screw to be set to the armhole, comes to point H; then swing the machine around until the inside edge crosses the sewing line about 1½ inches from J at K.

Draft the top piece of the sleeve in the regular way except the armhole part; stop at the corners F and E, then take your curved skirt rule, if you have one, or the circle part of the back and curve the line from E to G; then draw a curve line from F to G; this line should curve in the same direction as line E, N.

Th's completes the drafting. To trace it out, we place this pattern on the goods or lining, and we will trace out the Sleeve first by starting at the hand and trace up the inside seam to K and F and on to G; from G to E and on down to the hand; across at the hand and elbow. You must allow for seams all around the sleeve and Waist. To trace the waist, we fold the lining and lay the center of the back on the fold of the lining, then trace the sewing line of the neck on the Back and Front and down the fold line of the Front, across the waist line, up the underarm seam to J, from J to F, from F to N, from N to M, from M to G, from G to L and on down the length you want the waist. Also trace the Waist line on the Back This gives you the sewing lines and you must allow for all seams.

You can have gathers or fullness at the neck by allowing goods as shown by line O, P, R.

This will give you a plain, tight-fitting back. If you desire fullness, add goods in the center of the back, and at B.

This is one of the novelties in shirt-waists, and, like the seamless waist, is not adapted for every form. It should not be worn by a person too stout or too slim. A person with full, well-rounded shoulders can wear it to good advantage.

This particular style shirt-waist, which is considered by many rather difficult to draft, becomes very simple and is quite easily drafted with the McDowell System, as explained above.

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